



The incarceration of the American consul at Mukden, President Truman has characterized as an outrage; it leaves no doubt of the determination with which the Chinese Communists are standing up to us. We need a new policy, and for its definition the Atlantic turns to OWEN LATTIMORE, who has spent more than two decades in China, Japan, and the borderland between China and Russia. In 1943-1944 he was Deputy Director of the OWI in charge of the Far Eastern Division; today he is head of the Page School of International Relations. His new book, Pivot of Asia, will appear this spring under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

REBUILDING OUR POLICY IN ASIA

by OWEN LATTIMORE

WHEN the White Paper on China was published last summer, one of its main purposes, beyond a doubt, was to shock the public into realization that an era of policy in Asia had closed. The Department of State has been in search of a new policy ever since. The search has been headed by a top-drawer committee consisting of Dr. Raymond B. Fosdick of the Rockefeller Foundation and President Everett N. Case of Colgate University, under the chairmanship of Ambassador-at-Large Philip C. Jessup. It has held conferences and consultations which prove that it realizes that in launching a major new policy it is as essential to take soundings of opinion at home as it is to calculate the forces abroad with which the policy must deal.

In clearing the way for a fresh approach, it is well to remember that it is never possible to sit down and draft an "ideal" policy as if no previous policy had existed. There is always the problem of disentangling the new policy from the lingering effects of whatever it was that went wrong with the old policy.

The White Paper has documented the reasons why the type of policy represented by support for Chiang Kai-shek has, in recent months, done more harm than good to the interests of the United States. Nor is there any modification of this type of policy that promises well for the future. In face

of the temper of Asia today, to force any American nominee into the role of a Chiang Kai-shek is to condemn him in the eyes of his own people. To try to line up a team of little Chiang Kai-sheks, when support of the once great Chiang has failed, would be a confession of futility. For the Chiang Kai-shek whose fall dragged American prestige with it had been in his time a unique figure in Asia, who had captured the imagination of his people as a leader during the war, but failed to hold their confidence as the builder of a new social and political structure after the war.

The eclipse of Chiang has not even left behind the moral prestige of a good but losing fight in defense of a weak cause. On the contrary, the Kuomintang, under the increasingly jealous and narrow leadership of Chiang, put up the worst possible defense of a cause that was originally good and should have won.

It is not probable that the new China can be brought into line by economic coercion. The Chinese Communists need to achieve only a minimum level of economic stability in order to make their regime politically tolerable enough to the majority of the Chinese people to prevent widespread risings. It would be exceedingly unwise to assume that they will fail to achieve this minimum. The record shows that during the years when their strongholds were in the worst regions of chronic famine in China they

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handled with competence the elemental problems of food and distribution.

A quick survey shows that there is no country in Asia that can serve as a substitute for China under the Kuomintang, as an instrument of the kind of American policy that tried, through support of the Kuomintang, to control the balance of power in Asia.

India, in spite of Communist accusations, is not under a "Kuomintang" type of government, nor is Nehru a Chiang Kai-shek. India is anti-Communist, and wary of Russia, but it is not anti-Russian to the extent of being willing to serve in the front line against Russia. Nor will India offer to the United States the economic ascendancy that Kuomintang China was willing to offer. The bankers and industrialists of India are stronger than those of China. Having thrown off British political control, they will not willingly come under American control.

Japan, though docile in defeat, cannot be made a satisfactory instrument of American policy. There are only two alternatives in Japan. The first is for the United States to keep Japan alive by "blood transfusions" of raw materials and credits. Under heavy enough subsidy — the cost is currently estimated at half a billion dollars a year — Japan can be given the surface appearance of a willing ally; but the reality will be overcommitment of American resources to a distant and vulnerable region.

Under the second alternative, Japan can keep itself alive by coming to terms, economically and politically, with its neighbors in Asia, and especially with Communist-controlled China, which is Japan's natural supplier of iron ore and coking coal. Under this alternative, Japan cannot become a trusted American ally. Its own interests will compel it to balance and bargain between what it can get out of Asia and what it can get out of America. The best that Japan can hope for in the way of true independence is independence of maneuver; and it is the honestly patriotic Japanese who will insist on a national policy of maneuver.

Southeast Asia is a region of no supreme power. Europe cannot possibly recover the power that it once exercised in its colonial domains. The power lost by Europe has not fallen to America, and cannot be created afresh by America. Yet, at the same time, no nation in Southeast Asia has yet won its own revolution, as China has, and not one has the power to direct its own future regardless of friendly relations with Europe and America. The region as a whole demands three-way European-American-Asian compromises, the basis of which must be the restoration of economic activity. Europe must make greater political concessions than it has yet been willing to make. The United States must, for the sake of Europe, make economic grants to Southeast Asia and not simply grants to finance recovery of European economic control over Southeast Asia.

The nationalist leaders of Southeast Asia must be persuaded that any sacrifices they are asked to make are not designed to give priority to the interests of Europe, but to bring joint benefits to Asia and Europe, on terms that advance, even if they do not completely satisfy, the Asian aspiration to equality.

Such minor countries as the Philippines and Korea cannot be made major bases of American action. South Korea, especially, is an American liability. It is doubtful how long the present regime in South Korea can be kept alive. The mere effort to keep it alive is a bad advertisement which continually draws attention to a band of little and inferior Chiang Kai-sheks who as a barrier against the Communists have the backing of the hated, Japanese-trained police but not the people, and have lost the respect of groups and movements throughout Asia which would like, with American backing, to move toward a future democracy.

Great wariness is needed in American handling of the relationship between China and Russia. The United States cannot assume that Russia will move in and take over direct control in China, and will thus become subject to heavy economic and strategic strains. It is dangerous to assume that there will be a diversion of Russian resources toward Asia that will limit Russia's ability to maneuver in Europe. Recent developments in the Far East have been favorable to Russia, but not in a way that lessens the resources that Russia can deploy toward Europe.

When such a move as an economic *cordon sanitaire* around China is considered, policy toward Russia is also involved. Blockade would increase Chinese dependence on Russia, but probably would not force Russia to undertake a large program in China. It is possible for China to get along for years at a more comfortable subsistence level than that which prevailed during the long years of the war with Japan and the civil war.

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WHEN an old policy will no longer work, it is a fundamental error to try to make it work by simply "turning on more juice." Fortunately, however, a new policy can attain positive objectives.

Policy in Asia and policy toward Russia, whether the future holds peace or war, have a bearing on each other. It certainly cannot yet be said, however, that regional wars in Asia to stop the spread of Communism, involving a major over-all commitment of American resources, have become either inevitable or desirable for their own sake. Nor can it be said that, in the event of an armed conflict undertaken for the purpose of forcing Russia back from Europe, the Far East would be a decisive or even an advantageous field of operation.

Long-range policy must always keep in sight both alternatives — war and peace. If there is to be war,

Russia can be defeated only in Russia — not in North Korea, Viet Nam, or even China. Sound policy should therefore avoid premature or excessive strategic deployment in the Far East. If peace can be maintained for a long period, it will be possible primarily because of stabilization of the relations between the United States and Russia. Sound policy should therefore aim at the maximum flexibility. If mutually acceptable agreements with Russia should become possible, American policy in Asia should be in a position to contribute to the necessary negotiations. It should not be so mired down in local situations that major American-Russian negotiations are actually hampered.

At the same time, any new departure in United States policy in Asia must be proof against the accusation of “appeasing” Communism as a doctrine or Russia as a state. At this point, politics at home interact on policy abroad. Any proposed United States policy in Asia that is attacked in America itself as a bid for better relations with Russia runs the danger of being defeated.

On the other hand, any United States policy that is interpreted in various countries in Asia as a maneuver to create a league against Russia will merely increase the ability of those countries to bargain with Russia, as well as with the United States. It will also increase the identification, in those areas, between nationalism and Communism.

There is only one way to escape this dilemma. United States policy should aim to increase the ability of countries in Asia to do without Russia, by encouraging a steady improvement of the three-way economic relationship between Asia, Europe, and America, including the resumption of the supply of raw materials from Asia, the sale of Europe's manufactures in Asia, and American financing both of industrialization in Asia and recovery in Europe. The American financing should be undertaken as a sound enterprise in increasing production and consumption, not as a doling out of subsidies to keep the economies of Asia and Europe stagnantly alive.

Even China is within reach of this kind of policy, because many of the things that China needs can be got in better quality and greater quantity from the United States than from Russia. Such a policy is much more modest in aim than a policy of organizing hostility to Russia on a grand scale; but the aim is at least attainable, whereas the aim of a unified and organized hostility to Russia throughout Asia is unattainable.

In organizing non-dependence on Russia as an alternative to hostility against Russia, United States policy in Europe and Asia must be coördinated. Europe cannot become healthy by accepting American subsidy as a permanent “new order,” replacing world trade. America is not strong enough to subsidize Europe, coerce Asia, stockpile against Russia, and maintain a prosperous democracy in the United States, all four at the same time. Most

of Asia is strong enough to resist reconquest by Europe, but with the exception of China is not strong enough to threaten to close its doors entirely to European and American trade.

The grounds for compromise therefore exist. They are: less control over Asia than Europe wants; less political independence in some countries, and less economic independence in most countries, than Asia wants; more socialism, more state enterprise, and more neighborly relations with Russia than America wants.

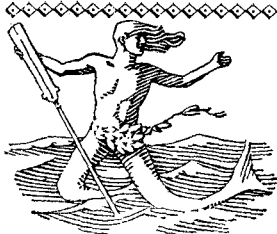
On these grounds of compromise, United States policy in Asia can be rebuilt successfully enough not only to stabilize Asia, but to contribute to the stabilization of the world.

To implement a policy of this general character, the first step should be to channel all the necessary agreements through the United Nations. There has been an increasing tendency to make agreements, when they can be made, outside of the United Nations, in order to enhance national prestige, and to bring to the United Nations chiefly those debates that end in stalemate. There is no better way to mobilize American public opinion afresh than to bring to the United Nations negotiations that end in agreement.

For the problem of the recognition of the new government of China, the United Nations offers the ideal avenue to a solution. If, with no pressure against China from the United States, a majority of non-Communist countries in Europe, Latin America, and Asia should vote to seat new Chinese representatives to the United Nations, the United States should not vote against that verdict. Deferment to the majority among the non-Communist nations would come gracefully from the United States, and would be a blow to the Russian propaganda that the United States seeks to dictate to the block that it leads.

After recognition in the United Nations, it should be made clear that direct relations between Washington and Peking depend on the friendliness or unfriendliness of Peking, not Washington. For the United States to penalize the Chinese people for having a government not approved in advance by Washington would be a diplomatic mistake that would have repercussions throughout Asia. For the Chinese government to inflict hardship on the Chinese people by denying them trade with America would be a mistake that would register instantly throughout Asia, and most deeply of all in the minds of the Chinese people.

It would be foolish to think that the United States could ever win the real friendship of a Communist government. It would be equally foolish to go on neglecting the fact that people under a Communist government can only bring real pressure to bear on their government when it is the people, rather than the government, who benefit from friendly relations with the United States.



The Atlantic Serial



NICOLAS NABOKOV, who was born in St. Petersburg in 1903, is the talented son of a family which was known for its liberalism under the last of the Tsars. His study of music, begun at an early age, was resumed at the Berlin Conservatory after the Revolution, and his first ballet-oratorio, *Ode*, was produced by Diaghilev's *Ballet Russe* in Paris and London in 1928. As an impressionable boy, he had heard the singing of Chaliapin and the playing of Rachmaninov and young Heifetz, and had seen the dancing of Pavlova and Karsavina. Now, in his creative years, he was to work under the stimulus of Diaghilev and in growing friendship with Stravinsky, Prokofiev, and Koussevitzky. This is the first of a three-part portrait of the man in whose workshop his music came to life.

SERGEI DIAGHILEV

by NICOLAS NABOKOV

I

I do not know how my mother came to devise the plan of transforming her children into a string quartet, but I remember that when I was eight and already sufficiently housebroken on the piano, I received on my saint's day (which, owing to the fortunate collusion of the Emperor's and my own first names, was a national holiday) a reddish, freshly lacquered, three-quarter-sized cello.

My older sister Onia, who lost the S of her name with the loss of her front milk teeth, had already been playing the violin for several years, and my brother Mitya (short for Dimitri) had recently added one hour a week of screeching on the viola to his former two hours a day of piano and violin. Thus everyone was ready to receive me, the cello-playing brother, as the next step in the formation of the projected string quartet.

I started taking lessons with an elderly member of the Imperial Court Orchestra, whose name was Ossip Ossipovitch Piorkovsky or Oss' Oss'ch, as he was known to me. Despite his Polish name and exuberantly Polonized mustachios (which drooped over his mouth and which, because of frequent immersions in soups and sauces, had acquired a permanent ochre halo like the pollen-covered pistil of a lily), Oss' Oss'ch was a Russian patriot, a foe of things foreign (in particular, German), and a firm believer in the superiority of Russian music, Russian musicians, and Russian culture. He did not go so far as to ascribe the invention of the cello to Russian genius, but he did insist — with barely per-

ceptible hesitancy — that Davidov and Verjbelovitch, the two Russian cellists of the beginning of this century, were the first and finest in the world and that *his Russian method* of teaching me how to play the cello was superior to any other.

As a result of this method or of my own inadequacies, it took me two and a half years to graduate to a whining performance of Bach's *Aria for the A String*, which I gave on the occasion of my mother's birthday in 1914.

The reaction to my first public appearance was a mixed one: condescendingly warm in the parental age bracket, and openly adverse if not hostile among my contemporaries. Throughout my performance I caught glimpses of my brother and my two cousins Pavlik and Alyosha Diaghilev making faces at each other. It all ended, of course, in an eruption of tears and sobs which my mother, Oss' Oss'ch, and my Aunt Carolina tried to stem by telling me that I played like a real prodigy.

It had, however, one tangible result: soon after, I was taken into the family string ensemble as an alternate to Alyosha, equally a cellist and pupil of Oss' Oss'ch. He and his violinist brother Pavlik had been playing quartets with my own brother and sister for more than a year.

True enough, I was at first permitted to join the string ensemble only when it played easy transcriptions of Haydn or Mozart symphonies. My mother would then take over the piano part and I would play the part of the double bass. This consisted

mainly in counting empty bars and entering at the up and down beats of loud passages. But even so, every time the piece was marked allegro or presto, I would get hopelessly lost, miscount empty measures, miss cues, and enter with great vigor and dubious intonation at the worst possible moment.

One late afternoon we had been practicing the *Second Quartet* by Borodin, in which the slow movement starts with an oozy, sentimental melody in the high register of the cello. After I had made several attempts to produce this melody, resulting each time in a kind of intestinal wail, my brother and sister became exasperated and decided to throw me and my cello out of the room into the long dark corridor which wormed its way all around our St. Petersburg apartment. I resisted and soon there was a scuffle in which the instruments began to play an unusually active role. I used the back of my cello to beat my sister over the head. Her head proved stronger than my cello, which flew to bits.

Several weeks after this incident (for which all three of us were duly punished), my mother and Oss' Oss'ch took me to the store of the lutenist Geissler and bought me a new instrument: a less crimson, larger, and far more expensive version of my first one.

2

BY THIS time our family string ensemble had permanently absorbed the "Diaghilev brothers" outfit, and as a result of this merger we became an embryonic string orchestra. This was a case of the lean cows eating the fat ones without getting either fatter or better, for our own quartet could certainly not compare either in quality or in quantity with the Diaghilev ensemble — to which, besides Pavlik, Alyosha, and their mother, belonged three other young men, cousins or friends of the Diaghilev family, and three of our mutual teachers.

Thus in the autumn of 1915 my sister, my brother, and I started to go every other Saturday afternoon to the Diaghilevs' for rehearsal. The Diaghilev family consisted of Uncle Valya, or Valentin Pavlovitch Diaghilev, a short, stocky colonel with a large head and lips; his wife, the gentle and sickly Aunt Dasha; and their three sons: our confrères Pavlik and Alyosha and their ten-year-old brother Kolya, as yet untrained in playing chamber music.

The drawing room of the Diaghilev home was usually prepared in advance to receive us. The furniture had been moved against the walls; the chairs and stands were set up, and the music parts were arranged on the racks. We would unpack our instruments and tune up in the protracted, noisy way in which all amateurs, and especially children, prepare themselves for their instrumental battles. Then, after much sneezing, nose-blowing, and coughing, the practice would begin.

Uncle Valya, although not a musician at all (he

taught defensive engineering at the same military academy where the famous composer and less famous general, César Cui, taught the art of fortification — two seemingly overlapping and by now I assume obsolete subjects), was our most fervent admirer. When we played, his round face glistened with pleasure. At times when we successfully overcame a particularly perilous passage, he would shout at us: "Well done, boys!" as if we had finished sealing a mountain under heavy artillery fire.

At other times, usually before intermission, which consisted of tea, cherry jam, and anemic peppermint cookies — one of the driest and least delectable Russian specialties — he would turn to my mother and exclaim: "I don't see why Seryoja doesn't take them abroad. Even now, they aren't any worse than *his* famous artists. — Boys," he would add in a tone of a regimental commander addressing his troops, "just go on exercising and in a few years you'll be abroad. Seryoja will take you to play in Paris."

I remember a photograph of a handsome young man in the uniform of the Petersburg University (in those days most Russian youths had to wear some kind of uniform). Someone must have told me that the pale-faced university student was Sergei Pavlovitch Diaghilev, the youthful patron and lover of the arts, who had been the aid to the director of the Imperial Theatres and who after a short and tempestuous career had left Russia in a huff and was now in Paris.

From the earliest days of my childhood, until my mother succeeded in transforming at least one of her sons into a professional musician, the figure of Diaghilev fixed itself deeper and deeper in the realm of ambiguity. He seemed to me an impenetrable being, whose fame, a paradox in my child's conception of art, contained elements of princely splendor, the onus of moral irregularities (of which I had, of course, no explicit suspicion at the time), and rumors of terrible irascibility and haughtiness. Every time his name was mentioned at his brother's house, or in the presence of my mother, which happened at least every other Saturday, such mixed feelings, part discomfort, part pride, were aroused among the ancestry, as we used to call our elders, that they were inevitably communicated to us, the children.

I remember asking Uncle Valya: "Does your brother Sergei compose?"

"Oh, just a little," he would answer, and add, "Rimsky-Korsakov, to whom he showed his compositions, told him that he should stop composing because he has no talent."

"Does he play an instrument?" I persisted.

"Yes, he plays the piano, but only a bit, and not at all well."

I also faintly remember an involved story about Sergei's unsuccessful attempts to become an opera singer. "He started to take lessons from Cotoni

[the famous Italian voice teacher in St. Petersburg],” said Uncle Valya, “but after a few lessons he quarreled with the maestro and walked out in the middle of the lesson, and that was the end of that.”

How difficult it was for me to understand how a man who did not compose, did not play, sing, paint, or write, should become so famous. I often asked myself, “What is his *real* relation to music, to painting, to the theater?” It took some fifteen years to understand, in part, the uniqueness and complexity of Diaghilev’s genius.

3

LOOK, look!” said my mother. “There he is.” We were sitting in one of those middling Russian restaurants in Paris, which sprouted all over the world in the twenties, as a result of the glorious October revolution. Opposite, in another corner of the restaurant, a gloomy waiter in extravagant haberdashery was serving a plate of extinct hors d’oeuvres to a big man with a monocle, and a flower in his buttonhole. A streak of white cut across his black hair from the right side of his forehead, reaching the back of his large round head. He talked excitedly to the young man at his side.

I recognized him immediately. By 1924 I, as everyone else, knew the features of one of Europe’s most famous men, and besides, I knew him instantly as the brother of Uncle Valya. Although the Colonel and Sergei Pavlovitch were only half brothers, the size and shape of their heads, the design of their eyebrows, and the form of their lips were so much alike that one could not miss the resemblance.

My mother, who had always been a parental field marshal, planning and shaping the destinies of her children, had been talking to me for some time about the usefulness and need for me to meet Diaghilev. Now she seemed elated at the sight of him sitting across the room. “Finish eating, and let’s go to their table,” she said. “I’ll introduce you to him.” But I prevailed upon her to wait until Diaghilev and his companion had finished their meal.

All through the rest of the lunch she kept looking at the Diaghilev table, trying to catch his eye, and when she finally succeeded, she beamed at him in such a pompous and obtrusive manner that he could not but smile back in that politely irritated way one smiles at people whose faces one has forgotten and who appear to be potential bores (later, I learned how terrified Diaghilev was of solicitous ballet mothers, who were constantly asking favors for their sons and daughters).

When they had finished eating and asked for their bill (which my mother duly observed), she pulled my sleeve and said, “Come, it’s time now.” While we struggled past the crowded tables, Diaghilev rose and started putting on an enormous fur-lined coat.

“Sergei Pavlovitch, nye ouznayete? — Don’t you

recognize me?” said my mother as we approached. He dropped his monocle and gazed at her with bewilderment, but before he could answer she introduced herself and, turning to me, added, “And this is my youngest son; the one who writes music.”

“Ah, *chère amie*, so you are the mother of the second half of Valya’s quartet,” he said in a gay high-pitched voice. “Yes, of course I remember, we met in St. Petersburg.” His face broke into a charming, benevolent smile. He put his monocle back in his eye and, taking my mother’s hand, bent over and greeted her ceremoniously.

“What are you doing here?” he said. “Have you any news from Valya and Dasha? I haven’t heard anything since 1921. You know, of course, that Pavlik and Alyosha have either been executed or were killed in the last months of the civil war. Valentin, I believe, is still in prison.”

But my mother had no news and, seeing that he was about to leave, abruptly changed the subject. “Sergei Pavlovitch,” she said, pointing at me, “I would like you to listen to his music. I want your opinion about it.”

His face changed again and took on a bored expression and he mumbled hurriedly: “Yes, of course, sometime, gladly, but now I’m very busy — rehearsals, you know. Do give me a ring when you’ll be back.” And fixing me with an icy look, he added: “I’d love to listen to your music, *jeune homme*. I only regret it can’t be now. — *Au revoir, chère amie, je suis navré.*”

All this was said in such a cutting and final way that even my persistent mother did not dare pursue the matter or attempt to delay his exit.

Curiously enough it was during this first, so painfully unsuccessful encounter that my memory took its most precise and vivid snapshots of the physical appearance of Diaghilev. I remember him as he stood near the exit flanked by his youthful companion (later I knew that it was Anton Dolin, the dancer), the fur-lined coat with its handsome beaver collar making his big, tall body and his tremendous head look even more majestic, more lordly than it appeared in the pictures I had seen. I remember his tired, haughty look; his dark eyes and the even darker bags under them. I remember the sallow, wasted color of his heavy-set but well-kept face with the neatly trimmed mustache, the protruding lower jaw, and the upturned upper lip revealing, when he smiled, a row of dubiously new teeth.

There was always a faint scent of violets around him (he used to chew tiny violet-scented candy) and it was during this meeting that I must have noticed it for the first time. But perhaps what my memory captured best that day was his voice, his unique manner of speaking. He spoke in a high-pitched, nasal, and capricious tone which seemed intended precisely for the phrase “*Au revoir, chère amie, je suis navré,*” and he dropped unaccented syllables of long Russian words as if he had chewed them up.

When I now recall this first meeting, and try to draw one whole from the many separate images, I see before me a Diaghilev unapproachable and haughty, imposing and slightly freakish in his appearance, charming and at the same time a little bit frightening, a little bit dangerous. And although successive years have modified much of this vision, a part remains; for, as often happens in first encounters, the intuitive powers of my mind, its perceptive antennae, were so sensitized that I was able to grasp certain traits of Diaghilev's character which later became the explicit basis of my understanding.

4

By 1924 Diaghilev had been "in business" for about twenty years with Paris as the center of his activity since 1906. He had behind him an unequaled career of successes which very few opera managers or ballet directors have ever known.

Having come to France as a young Russian gentleman whose name was totally unknown to the French public and only barely heard of in Parisian art circles, he had taken upon himself the task of acquainting Paris — and through Paris Western Europe — with Russian achievements in the fields of music, opera, and ballet.

At that time (as everybody knows but frequently neglects to remember) Russian music and Russian art were practically unknown in the Western world. Names that now populate the musical Parnassus of the West and bring steady and sizable dividends to the entertainment industry (from the New York Philharmonic to the juke boxes), names like Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin, Moussorgsky, and even Tchaikovsky, meant very little indeed to the average Parisian, Londoner, and New Yorker of 1900 or 1905.

True enough, a young Frenchman named Debussy brought back from Russia (where he had spent some time in the eighties as the tutor in the household of Tchaikovsky's "beloved friend," Mme. von Meek) a score he treasured more than any other in his life: *Boris Godunov* by Moussorgsky. And true enough, Tchaikovsky traveled to the U.S.A. (much against his will) and conducted at the opening of Carnegie Hall and later; Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* was played by the New York Symphony Orchestra before it had even been played in Russia. But these were rare individual instances. They do not in the slightest alter the fact that before Diaghilev's arrival in Paris in 1906, Russian music, opera, and ballet were practically unknown in the West.

In less than five years *Boris Godunov*, *Prince Igor*, and other works, the singing of Chaliapin, the dancing of Pavlova, Karsavina, and Nijinsky, the playing and conducting of such men as Rimsky-Korsakov, Glazunov, Scriabin, and Rachmaninov, and above all the appearance of a first-rate young Russian composer, Igor Stravinsky, created such a

sensation, aroused so much interest, that from then on Russian art became the fashion of the day for at least a decade, and its influence penetrated the whole artistic life of the Western world.

On the eve of the First World War the base of Diaghilev's enterprises had broadened considerably. Although primarily still concerned with the diffusion of Russian art, it had become a magnet for young musicians, painters, and poets of Western Europe. Starting with 1910–1911, names like Claude Debussy, Maurice Ravel, and Richard Strauss appeared on the programs of Diaghilev's Parisian seasons, and poets like Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Jean Cocteau wrote libretti for some of the new productions.

Diaghilev's Ballet and Opera Company in Paris rapidly evolved into a kind of workshop, a testing ground for new ideas, new techniques, and new styles. It maintained this position until Diaghilev's death in 1929. From 1917 on, it limited itself to the production of ballet and became the center of a very healthy and profoundly creative internationalism. Diaghilev, for example, always tried to pair musicians and painters of the same nationality for a production, and urged them to choose subject matter derived or invented from their national tradition.

But Diaghilev's workshop also became the somewhat exotic meeting place for snobs from all over Europe and the fashionable set of Parisian society (as the society columnist of *Le Figaro* called it, "*ce bazar séduisant de sons et de couleurs exotiques*").

Diaghilev's attachment to and association with the snobbish elite has been a standing objection of his detractors. Even during his lifetime he was called a "lackey of fashion" and "an unscrupulous caterer to the corrupt tastes of a decadent upper-crust." On the surface these accusations appear valid. It is true that Diaghilev associated with and in a sense depended on the rich and fashionable in Parisian and other European society (which, by the way, has always comprised a few persons sincerely dedicated to the love of the arts). He *did* become a sort of "dictator of taste and fashion," and around his Ballet Company there existed an irritating kind of fashionable fervor.

For example, *every* work had to be stylish and startling, and a terrible fuss was made about what "should be done this year" and what "shouldn't," and about whose music one should like and whose one shouldn't. Besides, Diaghilev also sponsored the production of a few works whose slick appearance barely concealed an irretrievable lack of content; works that had no more meaning or value than the cover girl of last year's fashion magazine. (As a matter of fact he was the first to discard them after their second or third performances.) But it is sufficient to glance at the long list of works of permanent value which were produced by the Ballet Russe, and at the quantity of serious and absolutely unfashionable experimentation which was carried

on under Diaghilev's direction to realize how partisan and unjust such accusations are.

It was Diaghilev and his collaborators that produced such masterpieces as Stravinsky's *Rites of Spring*, *Apollo*, de Falla's *Three-cornered Hat*, Prokofiev's *Prodigal Son*, to mention but a select few from the long list of first-class modern works. It was Diaghilev who first produced in Western Europe and adjusted to Western tastes most of the now famous classical ballets (*Les Sylphides*, *Le Spectre de la Rose*, *Swan Lake*, *Le Mariage d'Aurore*) which form the core of contemporary ballet companies, and on the artistic capital accumulated during the Diaghilev period exist the bleak Ballets Russes of today (those from over and around Monte Carlo).

Diaghilev's period created a truly novel style of classical dancing (now so often debased by a lack of new ideas and by the wanderings of ballet companies on the leash of commercial managers).

But above all else, the profound and irreplaceable influence exercised by Diaghilev's Ballet Russe upon a whole artistic generation was dependent on the close association of his collaborators with the man himself, with his immense knowledge, his ability to inspire, to discriminate, to demand and expect the best of his artists. And more than this, the Ballet Russe was the center from which a great constellation of modern masters derived a sometimes not easily definable direction. Such masters as Stravinsky, Satie, Ravel, Prokofiev, de Falla, Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Braque, Fokine, Balanchine, Massine, and many, many others have given a distinct and brilliant visage to a great period in the history of Western art.

No, Diaghilev was never *at the mercy* of the fashionable set, and never really did he cater to their tastes. What he did was to *use* them; use their prestige, their money, their gossip, their vanity, their snobbishness, their elegance and depravity, for the benefit of his enterprise — which is to say, for the benefit of art.

He used them ably and subtly, often ruthlessly and cynically and at times quite unscrupulously. And they let themselves be done in gladly, for to them he was the *arbiter elegantiarum*, the great artistic leader, the focal point of fashion and good taste. They were led by his rough and somewhat erratic hand and liked it; and usually they accepted what he did without much question.

His real judges and critics always remained the artists themselves. They were his true friends and his true enemies, they were his collaborators and antagonists, and it was primarily for them that he carried on his intense and exciting work. It was for the artists of Paris and of all Europe, and ultimately for the artists of the whole world, that every spring (so often against the greatest financial odds) he offered a magnificent two or three weeks of what he believed was the best, the latest, the fresh-

est, and the most daring in music, painting, and dancing. If sometimes he did not succeed, we must remember that we still thrive on and feed from the remains of his abundant and generous table.

5

WHEN I finally succeeded in being presented to Diaghilev as a *composer* and not as Mama's son and an ephemeral relative (which as a matter of fact I have never been; my stepfather's first cousin married Diaghilev's half brother, as a result of which we called the Diaghilevs "uncle, aunt, and cousins"), I was received with reserve, politeness, and marked skepticism.

This time the road that led me to Diaghilev was the usual road, the same one that composers have traveled for centuries. Mrs. B learned about me from Mr. A and passed me on to Mrs. C. Mrs. C invited me to a tea party and there introduced me to a Mr. D. Mr. D, who was about 25 per cent more influential than the original Mr. A, told Mr. E that I needed help (composers usually do, and I did rather sorely). Mr. E had a niece, Mlle. F, a lady in her middle thirties, of Arab descent, who was endowed with an extraordinarily majestic bosom, a powerful voice, and a wooden leg. E bullied his niece into learning three of my songs. Several months later, in the winter of 1925-1926, she performed them at a hodgepodge concert of the SMI (*Société Musicale Indépendante*). This organization gave several concerts yearly, consisting of various first performances of unknown compositions.

When the time came for Mlle. F and me to march on the stage, we got stuck in the narrow passage leading to the stage and I unwittingly tripped up my wooden-legged diva. Fortunately she did not fall on the floor, but once on the stage she turned to me and under her breath said that if it were not for the fact that we were *on* the stage, she would gladly break my neck. This naturally upset me at the very outset of our performance.

After the end of the first song, which was long and tedious, written to moldy words of the Persian poet Omar Khayyám (translated into the French from an English translation by FitzGerald), I saw Prokofiev, whom by that time I had somewhere and somehow met, sitting right in the middle of the first row, smiling and quietly but insistently rubbing his chin, which in French means "*Quelle barbe!* — What a bore!" I tried to look away, and in doing so caught a glimpse of another very familiar face, in the second row right behind Prokofiev. I recognized the bemonocled, bulldog countenance of Sergei Pavlovich Diaghilev, who, as I later found out, was dragged in by Prokofiev to hear my music. This discovery made me so jittery that I lost control of myself and bungled the accompaniment to the remaining two songs.

Under those complex circumstances it was only

natural that the concert ended as somewhat of a failure, but afterwards Prokofiev came backstage and said that Diaghilev was waiting in front in a taxi and wanted to see me.

When we came out I was surprised to find Diaghilev in a kind and considerate mood. He was sitting inside a red Renault taxicab, flanked by two of his minions, and he smiled at me as he said, "Your songs were not too bad, not as bad as you think, but tell me, where for heaven's sake did you find that female monster, and why don't you leave good old Omar Khayyâm alone? You must come and show me your music. . . . I mean your *other* music, or don't you have any?"

Thus I was spared any further wanderings through the dreary alphabet of contacts which line the path of beginning composers, and at the insistence of Prokofiev went to see Diaghilev with my "other music" in hand, at his residence in the Grand Hotel.

6

WE WERE sitting around a broken-down upright piano in what was probably one of the banquet rooms of the Grand Hotel. Present besides Diaghilev and myself were Prokofiev; Walter or Valichka Nouvel, Diaghilev's lifelong friend and collaborator, a small wiry little man with glasses; Diaghilev's secretary and official librettist, Boris Kochno; and the recently "discovered" Serge Lifar. I had just finished playing my piano sonata and followed it up by a few excerpts from a cantata I had been working on for a year. After I had stopped, Diaghilev raised his eyebrows and said: "*Et bien? . . . C'est tout?*" I said yes, it was all I had to show.

Valichka, himself a composer of sorts, and Prokofiev started to turn the pages of my score "fishing" for mistakes (which is one of Prokofiev's favorite pastimes). While I was playing, Diaghilev had been leaning on the silver top of his cane, but as soon as I stopped he slumped back into his chair and sat there with a bored and absent expression, saying absolutely nothing.

After a while he turned to Boris Kochno and asked, "Boris, when does the rehearsal start?"

"I think it is on already," answered Boris.

"Then let's go." He got up hurriedly and said to me, "Thank you, Nika, for playing your music . . . when you have written more, come and show it to me. *Au revoir.*"

I felt discouraged and let down. "Oh, don't pay any attention," said Nouvel, after Diaghilev had left, "that is his usual manner. On the contrary, if he had disliked your music he would have been terribly polite to you and paid you all sorts of silly compliments" (which was an exaggeration). "Am I not right, S.S.?" said he turning to Prokofiev.

"Well, I think Nabokov should have waited to show him his cantata until he had finished it. This way it doesn't mean very much," answered Prokofiev.

Curiously enough, it was this very same cantata which became my first and only Diaghilev commission. (It was produced in Paris and London as the ballet-oratorio *Ode* in 1928, barely a year before Diaghilev's death.) Thanks to it I finally met Diaghilev, saw him at work, observed his ill and good humors, had long and unforgettable conversations with him, became for a while a part of his artistic enterprise, and learned to admire him as one of the few truly great men I have known in my life.

It is indeed very hard to describe the greatness of Diaghilev. What made him great? What is it that made him the center of attraction, the focal point and the symbol of a whole artistic movement?

His friends and admirers always had a hard time persuading outsiders of Diaghilev's greatness, while his detractors, both those who attacked his morals and those who repudiated him as an evil influence (as, for example, the wife of a famous dancer, or the present-day Soviet aestheticians), succeeded easily in depicting him as a kind of depraved monster totally lacking in any true value, residing in the "corruption of the tastes and ideas of his time" or abetting the "acceleration of the decadence of bourgeois art."

The reason for the attacks against him is simple: Diaghilev's faults and weaknesses were all too obvious and well publicized. His gifts, on the other hand, were not so easy to detect. They were of an intangible and a hybrid nature; only those who had known him well and had collaborated with him could appreciate the full measure of his extraordinary talents. To them, to his artist-collaborators, Diaghilev was primarily a shrewd and discerning critic, a friend and a patron. They knew that his faults were secondary and greatly overshadowed by his gifts. Very few of them were really concerned with the peculiarities of his private life — with the scandal attached to his overpublic love affairs. Men like Stravinsky, Debussy, de Falla, Prokofiev, Picasso, Balanchine, and many others regarded all this as none of their concern. They took Diaghilev as he was — a great man endowed with weaknesses and immense talents — and forgave him his fits of temper, his haughtiness, his intolerance to men and ideas, and his readiness to quarrel over a trifle at the slightest provocation. They knew that in him they had not only a friend but a unique judge and ally of their art. They knew that he was a fighter for the cause for which they stood. They gladly and enthusiastically worked for him, and to many of them this work at the Ballet Russe remains forever the most exciting adventure of their lives.

(To be continued)



A Baltimorean who graduated from the United States Naval Academy and who subsequently saw service aboard our destroyers and battleships, HANSON W. BALDWIN has been the military editor of the New York Times since 1942, in which year his articles earned him the Pulitzer Prize. In the preparation of an extended history of the Second World War, he has added up the most costly mistakes which we made in the conflict. There are six of them; they all stem from our original misreading of the Russian mind. In prose which is absorbing if sometimes painful reading, they will be analyzed in this and the February issue.

OUR WORST BLUNDERS IN THE WAR

Europe and the Russians

by HANSON W. BALDWIN

I

IN February, 1945, at Yalta and on June 6, 1944, the date of the Allied invasion of Normandy, it might be said that we lost the peace. American political and strategic mistakes during the war possibly lengthened it, certainly made it more difficult, and are largely responsible for the difficulties and crises through which we have been passing since the war.

It is, of course, easy to be wise in retrospect and to look back with the benefit of hindsight at the greatest war in history and to point to errors and confusion. They were inevitable, for war is conducted by men and men are fallible. A historian's judgments, moreover, are something like those of a global Monday morning quarterback. Yet if we are ever to learn from our mistakes we must identify them.

The major American wartime errors were all part and parcel of our political immaturity. We fought to win, period. We did not remember that wars are merely an extension of politics by other means; that wars have objectives; that wars without objectives represent particularly senseless slaughters; that unless a nation is to engage in an unlimited holocaust those objectives must be attainable by the available strength and are limited by the victor's capacity to enforce them and by the willingness of the vanquished state to accept them; and that the general objective of war is a more stable peace. We forgot that, in the words of Colonel the Honorable E. H. Wyndham, "the unity of outlook between allies in war never extends to the subsequent discussion of peace terms." We forgot that "while the attainment of military objectives brings victory in war, it is the attainment of political objectives which wins the subsequent

peace." The United States, in other words, had no peace aims; we had only the vaguest kind of idea, expressed in the vaguest kind of general principles (the Atlantic Charter; the United Nations), of the kind of post-war world we wanted.

Our judgments were emotionally clouded by the perennial American hope for the millennium, the Russian military accomplishments, the warm sense of comradeship with our allies which the common purpose of victory induced, and by the very single-mindedness of our military-industrial effort. Wartime propaganda added to illusion; all our enemies were knaves, all our allies friends and comrades — military victory our only purpose. We were, in other words, idealists but not pragmatists. We embarked upon total war with all the zeal and energy and courage for which Americans are famous, but we fought to win; in the broader sense of an objective, we did not know what we were fighting for.

The political mistakes we made sprang, therefore, from the receptive soil of this immaturity, but they were fertilized, too, by a lack of knowledge or a lack of adequate interpretation of that knowledge. This was particularly true of our wartime relationship with Russia. Our policy was founded basically on four great and *false* premises — certainly false in retrospect, and seen by some to be false at the time. These were: —

1. That the Politburo had abandoned (with the ostensible end of the Communist International) its policy of a world Communist revolution and was honestly interested in the maintenance of friendly relations with capitalist governments.
2. That "Joe" Stalin was a good fellow and that we could "get along with him." This was primarily

a personal Rooseveltian policy and was based in part upon the judgments formed by Roosevelt as a result of his direct and indirect contacts with Stalin during the war. This belief was shaken in the last months of Roosevelt's life, partly by the Soviet stand on Poland.

3. That Russia might make a separate peace with Germany. Fear of this dominated the waking thoughts of our politico-strategists throughout the early phase of the war, and some anticipated such an eventuality even after our landing in Normandy.

4. That Russian entry into the war against Japan was either (a) essential to victory, or (b) necessary to save thousands of American lives. Some of our military men clung to this concept even after the capture of the Marianas and Okinawa.

All these basic misconceptions except the second had one common denominator: lack of adequate knowledge about Russian strengths, purposes, and motivations and inadequate evaluation and interpretation of the knowledge we did possess.

2

THE second mistaken premise could not have been avoided by any amount of knowledge or by the best possible interpretation. The Presidential office with its vast powers can, under an executive who is so inclined, formulate a personal foreign policy. This is particularly true in wartime. President Roosevelt liked to transact business — even international business — on a man-to-man basis; he depended heavily upon personal emissaries like Harry Hopkins and upon his own judgment, and was confident that his estimate of the other fellow was correct. "I just have a hunch," William C. Bullitt quotes Roosevelt as telling him, "that Stalin . . . doesn't want anything but security for his country, and I think that if I give him everything I possibly can and ask nothing from him in return, *noblesse oblige*, he won't try to annex anything and will work with me for a world of democracy and peace."

It was in the character of the President to administer and to govern and to bargain on a "first-name" basis; he relied heavily upon his great persuasive powers and charm, as well as upon his political ego.

A graphic instance of this tendency toward snap decisions and casual dependence upon Stalin's good intentions was provided at Teheran. At that conference, in late 1943, Roosevelt, in one of his tête-à-têtes with Stalin and Churchill, casually agreed, unknown to virtually all his advisers, that the Russians ought to have one third of the surrendered Italian Fleet. This agreement was put in the form of an oral promise and Stalin was not one to forget promises.

Our Navy and the British Navy, which were then trying to utilize the surrendered Italian ships — manned by their own crews — to best ad-

vantage in Mediterranean convoy and antisubmarine work, knew nothing of this agreement until Russian representatives in Washington asked early in 1944 when they could expect "their share of the Italian Fleet." Navy, State Department, and Joint Chiefs of Staff were dumfounded. All our efforts had been directed toward enlisting Italian support in the war against Germany; assignment of one third of the Italian fleet to the Russians as spoils of war would have been a political bombshell which would have handicapped the war effort in the Mediterranean. Accordingly, and to repair the damages of a casual promise made cavalierly without benefit of advice, the Russians were persuaded to accept, in lieu of the Italian vessels, some American and British men-of-war.

This is but one example of Roosevelt's personalized foreign policy — a foreign policy marked more, perhaps, by idealism and altruism than by realism. This Rooseveltian tendency toward international altruism, too often unmoderated by practical politics, seems a strange manifestation in one who domestically was a pragmatic and consummate politician. But it must be remembered that the vision of a "brave new world" was strong in Roosevelt's mind, and his optimistic nature and the great inner wellspring of his faith in man sometimes affected his judgment.

As William L. Langer notes, Roosevelt regarded Russia as the lesser of two evils, and he "shared an idea common at the time that the cult of world revolution was already receding in the minds of the Soviet leaders and they were becoming more and more engrossed in purely national problems." As a result he turned away from the only practical policy that should have governed our actions, opposition to all dictatorships and reliance upon the time-tested balance-of-power policy, to the chimera of so many Americans — a brave, new world.

The Presidential ego unavoidably became stronger in Roosevelt's closing years. His great wartime power, the record of victory, the high esteem in which he was held by the world, and the weakness of the State Department all combined to reinforce the President's tendency to depend upon himself.

One of our greatest weaknesses in the policy field during the war was the failure to equate, evaluate, and integrate military and political policy: there was then no adequate government mechanism, save in the person of the President himself, for such integration.

Former Secretary of War Stimson points out in his book *On Active Service* that the formal organization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff had "a most salutary effect [in the military field] on the President's weakness for snap decisions; it thus offset a characteristic which might otherwise have been a serious handicap to his basically sound strategic instincts." But there was no political counterpart

of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; and even if there had been, it is difficult to conceive that such an organization could have tempered materially the personal views which Roosevelt formed about Stalin.

The other fallacious premises upon which our wartime Russian policy was based could, however, have been avoided. We became victims of our own propaganda: Russian aims were good and noble, Communism had changed its stripes. A study of Marxian literature and of the speeches and writings of its high apostles, Lenin and Stalin, coupled with the expert knowledge of numerous American specialists, should have convinced an unbiased mind that international Communism had not altered its ultimate aim; the wolf had merely donned a sheep's skin. Had we recognized this — and all past experience indicates we should have recognized it — our wartime alliance with Russia would have been understood for what it clearly was: a temporary marriage of expediency. In the same manner a careful study of strategical facts and available military information should have indicated clearly the impossibility, *from the Russian point of view*, of a separate peace with Germany. Such a peace could only have been bought in the opening years of the war by major territorial concessions on Russia's part — concessions which might well have imperiled the Stalin regime, and which, in any case, would have left the Russo-German conflict in the category of "unfinished business." In the closing years of the war when Russia had everything to gain and nothing to lose by continuing the struggle to complete victory, a separate peace would have been politically ludicrous.

There is no doubt whatsoever that it would have been to the interest of Britain, the United States, and the world to have allowed — and indeed encouraged — the world's two great dictatorships to fight each other to a frazzle. Such a struggle, with its resultant weakening of both Communism and Nazism, could only have aided in the establishment of a more stable peace. It would have placed the democracies in supreme power in the world, instead of elevating one totalitarianism at the expense of another and *of the democracies*.

The great opportunity of the democracies for establishing a stable peace came on June 22, 1941, when Germany invaded Russia, but we muffed the chance. Instead of aiding Russia with supplies and munitions, but not too much; instead of bombing and blockading Germany, but not too much, Britain — joined after Pearl Harbor by the United States — went all out for "unconditional surrender." We should, in other words, have occupied the bargaining position during the war, *vis-à-vis* Russia. Russia was the invaded power; Russia, fighting a desperate battle on her own soil, was in a death grapple with Germany. We were not similarly threatened. Russia *had* to have our help; we did not, to the same extent, require hers. This mis-

judgment put us in the role — at times a disgraceful role — of fearful suppliant and propitiating ally, anxious at nearly any cost to keep Russia fighting. As William C. Bullitt put it, "this topsy-turvy world turned upside down, Alice Through the Looking Glass attitude toward the Soviet Union, which our government adopted in the latter part of 1941 was our first step down the road to our present danger."

In retrospect, how stupid we were! A man being strangled to death struggles with all that's in him; Russia could not quit.

In the same manner and for much the same reasons we reversed the policy we should have followed in the Pacific War. Instead of recognizing that Russia, at nearly all costs, would have to participate in that war if she was to serve her own interests, we "bribed" her to enter it. Port Arthur is written upon the Russian heart; Manchuria has been the locale of Russian expansionist ambitions for nearly a century. Russia had everything to gain and nothing to lose by entering the Pacific War, particularly in 1944 and 1945 when the power of Germany was broken and Japan was beleaguered and in a strategically hopeless position. Yet again we begged and induced, though we, not Russia, occupied the commanding position. We should have tried to keep Russia out of the war against Japan instead of inviting her entry.

Such were the mistakes of basic policy and principle — most of them stemming from a political immaturity and an international naïveté — which influenced most of our wartime decisions and dominated the nature of the peace. They form the psychological background for many of the mistakes of detail here recounted. But a cautionary and qualifying caveat must immediately be entered. Some of these itemized errors were purely fortuitous, the illegitimate offspring of peculiar personalities or specialized circumstance; others were powerfully influenced by American humanitarianism — a desire to save lives; still others were military mistakes, with political connotations — what Bullitt has called "military imagination functioning in political ignorance." But, regardless of their psychological origins, they have one thing in common: they were mistakes.

3

I AM not presenting here a comprehensive catalogue of error, nor am I concerned with tactical mistakes or with those military decisions which had no political consequence. I have selected a few of the broad and far-reaching errors which influenced the course of the war or affected the peace.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER — CASABLANCA. The insistence on unconditional surrender was perhaps the biggest political mistake of the war. In the First World War, Wilson took care to distin-

guish between the Kaiser and the militaristic Junker class and the German people; in the Second, Stalin drew a clear line between Hitler and the Nazis, and the German people and even the German Army. The opportunity of driving a wedge between rulers and ruled, so clearly seized by Wilson and by Stalin, was muffed by Roosevelt and Churchill. Unconditional surrender was an open invitation to unconditional resistance; it discouraged opposition to Hitler, probably lengthened the war, cost us lives, and helped to lead to the present abortive peace.

This policy grew in part out of the need for a psychological war cry; in part it was intended, as William L. Langer points out, as a reassurance to "the Bolshevik leaders that there would be no compromise with Hitler and that the Allies would fight on to total victory." The haunting fear that motivated so many of our actions during the war — the fear of a separate Russian peace with Germany — and Russia's growing suspicions of the Western Allies because of their inability until that time (January, 1943) to open a "second front" on land in Western Europe dictated the famous declaration of Casablanca. It is noteworthy that Stalin was never associated with formulating "unconditional surrender" as a doctrine; he refused the invitation to the Casablanca conference and later specifically criticized this doctrine. Some historians point to the Four-Power declaration at Moscow in October, 1943, as an indication of Soviet acceptance of the unconditional surrender policy.

Actually, however, this is an oversimplified and inaccurate assessment of the Russian reaction. Prior to and after the Casablanca-Moscow conferences Stalin took peculiar care to differentiate between the unconditional surrender of Hitlerism and the unconditional surrender of Germany. Obviously the more complete the German defeat, the greater the extension of Russian power, but Stalin understood well the political advantages of strengthening the anti-Hitler opposition in Germany. In one pronouncement (November 6, 1942) he even promised that a German defeat would not mean the end of "all military force in Germany," and the Soviets took active measures through the Free Germany Committee, the Union of German Officers, and the high-ranking Germans captured at Stalingrad and elsewhere (Field Marshal von Paulus, Major General Seydlitz, and others) to back up words with deeds and to build up an active opposition to Hitler.

"This 'soft line' was developed to Germany [by Russia] all through the Summer and Autumn of 1943," Wallace Carroll, who did so much to form our psychological warfare policy during the war, comments. "... in November, Stalin challenged the use of the 'hard line' of unconditional surrender at the Teheran Conference." Even as late as May, 1945, when Harry Hopkins was conferring with

Stalin in Moscow, Stalin balked at unconditional surrender for Japan, since "if we stick to [it] . . . the Japs will not give up and we will have to destroy them as we did Germany." President Roosevelt ignored these challenges to his "hard line" at Teheran, in December, 1943, after the conference, when he was asked by the British in Washington what he was going to do to meet Stalin's objections, and again on later occasions.

Unconditional surrender was a policy of political bankruptcy which delayed our military objective — victory — and confirmed our lack of a reasoned program for peace. It cost us dearly in lives and time, and its essentially negative concept has handicapped the development of a positive peace program. By endorsing the policy, we abandoned any pragmatic political aims; victory, as defined in these terms, could not possibly mean a more stable peace, for "unconditional surrender" meant, as Liddell Hart has noted, the "complete disappearance of any European balance. War to the bitter end was bound to make Russia 'top dog' on the Continent, to leave the countries of Western Europe gravely weakened and to destroy any buffer."

4

INVASION OF WESTERN EUROPE — LOSS OF EASTERN EUROPE. The long wartime history of strategic differences between Britain and the United States started soon after Pearl Harbor. From then until just before the invasion of Southern France in August, 1944 — when the British finally failed in their last effort to persuade us to undertake a Balkan invasion — we steadily championed an invasion of Western Europe and the British consistently proposed an invasion of the "underbelly."

The two differing strategic concepts were separated not only by geography and terrain but by centuries of experience. We sought only military victory, the quickest possible victory. The British looked toward the peace; victory to them had little meaning if it resulted in political losses. We saw in the British insistence upon Southern European "adventures" all sorts of malevolent motives; some of our brash young strategists even claimed the British did not want to fight.

It is true that Churchill and his advisers were concerned about saving lives; the blood bath of World War I had weakened Britain dangerously. Churchill was determined to avoid the holocaust of great casualties and long stalemate. As Stimson put it, "the shadows of Passchendaele and Dunkerque still hang too heavily over the imagination of the British." It is also true that to Churchill, victim of the Dardanelles fiasco in World War I, the Balkans were a psychological magnet; victory there in World War II would justify the ill-executed plans of World War I. The great war leader be-

lieved in "eccentric" strategy: the utilization of the Allies' superior naval and air power to conduct attrition attacks against the enemy's coastlines. The pattern of England's strategy in the Napoleonic wars was in his mind.

These, perhaps, were contributory reasons behind the British strategy. But fundamentally the British evaluation was politico-military; we ignored the first part of that compound word. The British wanted to invade Southern Europe because its lands abut upon the Mediterranean and are contiguous to the Near East, important to Britain's power position in the world. For centuries Britain had had major politico-economic interests in Greece, other Balkan states, and Turkey; for centuries her traditional policy had been to check the expansionism of Russia, to support Turkish control of the Dardanelles, to participate in Danubian riparian rights. In 1942 and 1943, with the Russians in deep retreat and the Germans almost at the Caspian, the British may not have foreseen 1944 and 1945, with the Russians entering the Balkans, but they perceived clearly the political importance of this area, and they saw that an invasion there would preserve it — in the best possible manner, by soldiers on the ground — against either Russian or German interests, and in so doing would safeguard the British "lifeline" through the Mediterranean. Thus the British believed Germany could be beaten and the peace won by a series of attritions in Northern Italy, in the Eastern Mediterranean, in Greece, in the Balkans, in Rumania and other satellite countries. They believed an invasion through the "soft underbelly" would catch the German Army in the rear, would find a recruitment of strength from the doughty Slavs of the occupied countries, and would provide via the Danube a broad highway into Germany.

These proposals were advanced not only by the British generals, but chiefly and most vigorously by British statesmen — Churchill, Eden, and Smuts. Stimson noted their insistence, yet in his book *On Active Service*, after citing the factual history of our strategic divergences, he describes as "wholly erroneous" the view that "the British opposition to Overlord [invasion of Western France] was guided by a desire to block Soviet Russia by an invasion further east.

"Never in any of his [Stimson's] long and frank discussions with the British leaders was any such argument advanced, and he saw no need whatever to assume any such grounds for the British position. Not only did the British have many good grounds to fear a cross-Channel undertaking, but Mr. Churchill had been for nearly thirty years a believer in what he called the 'right hook.' In 1943 he retained all his long-held strategic convictions, combined with a natural British concern for the Mediterranean theatre," and in Stimson's view that was all there was to it.

But there was more behind the British position than military logic, Stimson notwithstanding. It is true that the British in general, and except in their most intimate conversations with lower-level Americans than Stimson, utilized military rather than political arguments to bolster their case. But this was natural; Mr. Roosevelt at some of the conferences sided with the Russians rather than with Churchill. Moreover, many of our strategic discussions were three-cornered; the British could not very well utilize political arguments — the hope of blocking Russia — in conferences which Russian representatives attended; an effort had to be made to maintain the stability of the unnatural "Big Three" alliance that had been created. It must be remembered that during the latter part of the war it was Britain that filled the role the United States now occupies, of chief protagonist vis-à-vis Russia, in the battle for Europe. Roosevelt was the "mediator," Stalin and Churchill the polite but definite antagonists of the conference tables.

Thus, soon after we entered the war, the British proposed Operation Gymnast (later called Super-Gymnast and finally Torch) — an invasion of North Africa, at Dakar, Casablanca, the Cape Verdes, or Oran. The original date mentioned was March, 1942! By January 2, 1942, when General Joseph W. Stilwell, then slated to command Gymnast, attended one of his early conferences in Washington, the lines had been drawn: "Gerow, Somervell, Arnold, Clark, Chief of Staff, and I. All against it. Limeys claim Spain would 'bitterly oppose' Germans. What rot."

The dispute roared on down the roads of time, exploding now and again at conferences — never settled, always recurrent. The British won the first round; they got the North African invasion, then Sicily and Italy. But they lost in the end; the growing military power of the United States and the self-assurance of our strategists — sound militarily but weak politically — overbalanced them.

5

FROM the time of our entry into the war, and even prior to it, our strategists — Eisenhower, Wedemeyer, Marshall, and Stimson particularly — advocated the defeat of Germany by an invasion of Western France. This proposal, as Stimson puts it, was the "brain child of the United States Army." This invasion was to be timed for 1943; if necessary, to save the Russian front from utter collapse, a small diversionary landing was to be made in France in 1942. The British were distinctly lukewarm about the plan; Churchill was particularly horrified at the thought of the projected 1942 "sacrifice" landing, and from the beginning championed the invasion of North Africa. The President initially lent tacit support to the 1943 invasion and, if necessary, to the 1942 diversionary landing, but

he was never fully persuaded, and in June, 1942, the whole subject was reopened.

Then, in a famous meeting at the White House, described by Martin Sommers in the *Saturday Evening Post* (February 8, 1947 — “Why Russia Got the Drop on Us”), Churchill and the American strategists, with Wedemeyer as our spokesman, debated strategy. In this meeting Churchill was eloquent in favor of a “surge from the Mediterranean along the historic Belgrade-Warsaw axis”; Wedemeyer, without the benefit of the Churchillian rhetoric, spoke logically in favor of the 1943 cross-Channel operation. According to Sommers, “Churchill, because of his influence on President Roosevelt, won his fight to avoid a cross-Channel operation in 1943. He lost on his determination to force an offensive via Belgrade to Warsaw — *to an extent because when the Russians heard about this plan, they raised shrill objections*” (italics mine).

The President, moved in part by his impatience for action, in part by domestic political considerations, insisted upon some American operation in the European-North African theater in 1942; and, as Stimson puts it, Gymnast, the North African invasion, was the “President’s great secret baby.” The President’s insistence upon action, plus the course of events — the Russians in July, 1942, were fighting with their backs to the wall at Stalin-grad and in the Caucasus — led to a conference in London in late July, 1942. At this conference, as Admiral Ernest J. King, wartime commander of the U.S. Fleet, puts it, “the British Chiefs of Staff were adamant in their view that the invasion of northern France [Sledgehammer] could not be undertaken. This view was initially opposed by the United States Chiefs of Staff and the United States Government. The conference decided, however, that invasion of French Northwest Africa could and should be undertaken. . . .”

At Casablanca in January, 1943, after the successful invasion of North Africa, the British — to the ill-concealed fury of our strategists — insisted that the cross-Channel operation tentatively scheduled for the spring of 1943 could not possibly be undertaken before the fall, if then.

In retrospect it is now obvious that our concept of invading Western Europe in 1942 was fantastic; our deficiencies in North Africa, which was a much needed training school for our troops, proved that. The British objection to a 1943 cross-Channel operation was also soundly taken militarily; we would have had in that year neither the trained divisions, the equipment, the planes, the experience, nor (particularly) the landing craft to have invaded the most strongly held part of the Continent against an enemy whose strength was far greater than it was a year later.

Sicily inevitably led to an invasion of Italy, an operation envisaged first as a limited one against the heel and toe of the boot of the Italian peninsula,

then later aimed at the seizure of air bases at Foggia, the quick capture of Rome, and the consequent political-psychological advantage. Churchill saw Italy and Sicily as bases for a jump eastward into the Balkans and he continued, with the aid of his military leaders, to push this project.

Admiral King points out that although the British specifically agreed to limit the Italian operations and the Mediterranean effort, “they nevertheless as time went on and succeeding conferences took place, continued to press more and more for operations in the Mediterranean and to oppose final and firm commitments for the cross-channel operation. Indeed at ANFA [Casablanca] a number of the British delegation were confident that Germany would accept defeat by January 1, 1944.”

But American strength had now been mobilized; Roosevelt was firm for Overlord (formerly called Roundup), the invasion of Normandy, and the British were forced to agree at Quebec in August, 1943, that Overlord should have the “inside track.” While planning and preparations for the cross-Channel operation in late spring of 1944 were being made, the indefatigable “P.M.” — never one to surrender easily once he had sunk his teeth into an argument — tried in various ways to modify or postpone Overlord, or at least to parallel it by an invasion of the Balkans. He was persistent and insistent, and so were his advisers. Churchill returned to the charge at the Moscow Conference of Foreign Ministers in October, and at Cairo on November 24 he made a long and eloquent talk to the American and British staff and to Roosevelt about the advantages of operations in the Aegean Sea and against the island of Rhodes.

At Teheran in late 1943 the British again advocated the Balkan invasion, but Roosevelt, stressing the geographical advantages of the cross-Channel assault and the terrain difficulties of the Balkans, said that only an invasion of Western France could be considered, from the Russian point of view, a “second front.” Stalin naturally sided with Roosevelt; indeed, the two “got along” not only at Teheran but at Yalta. The personality of each attracted the other; the language barrier helped rather than handicapped the process; Stalin’s flattery, but not Stalin’s subtle manipulations, reached the President. And so it was that on November 30, 1943, the invasion of Normandy was finally decided at Teheran, and *Stalin strongly supported the Southern France invasion*, rather than a trans-Adriatic operation into the Balkans, which was mentioned by Roosevelt and backed strongly by Churchill.

Major General John R. Deane in his book *The Strange Alliance* says of Teheran: “Stalin appeared to know exactly what he wanted at the Conference. This was also true of Churchill, but not so of Roosevelt. This is not said as a reflection on our President, but his apparent indecision was probably the *direct result of our obscure foreign policy*. President

Roosevelt was thinking of *winning the war*; the others were thinking of their *relative positions when the war was won*. Stalin wanted the Anglo-American forces in Western, not Southern Europe; Churchill thought our postwar position would be improved and British interests best served if the Anglo-Americans as well as the Russians participated in the occupation of the Balkans" (*italics mine*).

6

EVEN after the definitive decisions of Teheran, Churchill was not quite done; although the Normandy operation was now certain, a companion invasion of the Balkans might be possible.

In Italy the Allies had been halted in the tangled mountain country south of Rome; the Rapido ran red with blood. Churchill conceived, pushed, and all but executed an amphibious end run. Operation Shingle, the Anzio beachhead landing, was intended to expedite the taking of Rome. But Anzio, too, bogged down and major American energies were now concentrated on Overlord and Normandy.

Rome fell, and Normandy was invaded, and in the summer of 1944 — a summer of Allied triumphs, with the Russian armies still in Russia — Churchill made his final efforts to influence the future fate of the world. The British tried repeatedly to have the forces that were to be used in the invasion of Southern France committed instead to a cross-Adriatic operation — the objective a landing in the Trieste-Fiume area to take the German armies in Italy on the flank, a push through the Ljubljana gap into Austria, and a fanning out into the Austro-Hungarian plain with its ideal sites for air bases.

By then Churchill, as he has revealed in private discussions since the war, had no illusions about saving the Balkans from Russian domination; he knew possession, in the Russian lexicon, was nine tenths of the law, but he did hope that Central Europe could be liberated first by the Western Allies. At a meeting at the headquarters of Field Marshal Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, British supreme commander in the Mediterranean, General Marshall tried to sound out the British and American Mediterranean commanders about the project, which in view of strong British backing was assuming formidable dimensions. General Ira Eaker, then commanding the Mediterranean Air Forces, had not been briefed about General Marshall's antipathy for what he considered an unsound (militarily) diversion, and when asked his opinion in the meeting Eaker said that from the air point of view it would be easier to support a trans-Adriatic operation than the invasion of Southern France. The bases, he pointed out, already had been established in Italy and our planes could operate in support of the Trieste move from these bases. But the Southern France operation would have to be supported from new bases in Corsica.

After the meeting was over, General Marshall commented wryly and somewhat bitterly to General Eaker: "You've been too damned long with the British."

In furtherance of their final effort to put Allied troops into Central Europe before the Red Armies occupied those countries, the British "worked" on General Mark W. Clark, then commanding our army in Italy. The King of England, on a visit to the Italian front in July, 1944, about a month before the Southern France invasion, is said to have suggested to Clark the advantages of such a Balkan operation and reportedly tried to enlist his support of the project with the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

General Clark, in a letter to me dated October 15, 1948, recalls the King's visit "when we were approaching the Apennines," but adds: "I do not recall that he discussed with me the advisability of pushing our principal effort into the Balkans.

"... it was common knowledge that the British were desirous of carrying the war into the Balkans. This subject was discussed with me on several occasions by various Britishers in high places, commencing early in 1944. I recall General Alexander [later Field Marshal Viscount Alexander, then in command of all land forces in Italy] presenting his views on this subject. . . . I must say that I agreed with the wisdom of pushing our main effort to the East rather than continue to buck straight ahead against the mountains and the overwhelming resistance of the Germans. To have taken advantage of Tito's situation with the opportunity of landing a part of our forces across the Adriatic, behind protected beachheads which Tito could have provided, with the bulk of our forces in Italy attacking through the Ljubljana Gap would, if successful, have placed the Western Allies in a much stronger position at the end of the war to meet the ever-increasing challenge of Soviet world domination."

In all these discussions of a trans-Adriatic operation, the Ljubljana gap and the Istrian peninsula were usually favored, but landings further south along the Dalmatian coast near Zara or Split were also mentioned. The British were persistent; the project was pushed even as late as September, 1944, after the forces that invaded Southern France had formed a junction with Patton's rampaging army that had broken out of the Normandy beachhead.

Much has been made, since the war, of the strategic importance of the Southern France invasion; without it, it has been said, most of the German forces south of Brittany would have escaped. But we now know that most of the German forces did escape. The Southern France invasion was originally timed to coincide with the invasion of Normandy in June, 1944, and simultaneous invasions in West and South would have divided the German forces in France. But lack of landing craft forced a postponement of the Southern France operation

until August 15, and we now know from German records that a Nazi withdrawal from France already had started even before the Anvil-Dragoon (Southern France) landings. Many German troops were cut up and captured by the junction of Patton's forces with those that landed on the Côte d'Azur, but many of the enemy combat units completed successfully their withdrawal to the German frontier. Much of the strategic meaning of the Southern France invasion undoubtedly was lost when the two-month postponement became necessary; when this decision was reached, the arguments for the trans-Adriatic invasion became overwhelming.

Despite these arguments it was not to be; the British, notwithstanding the great eloquence of Churchill and the reasoned logic of his staff, had failed; the American strategy — heartily endorsed by the Russians — was the pattern of conquest.

It was, of course, a successful pattern, for it was a sound plan militarily and it led to unconditional surrender. But it also led to the domination of Eastern and Central Europe by Russia and to the post-war upset in the European balance of power which has been so obvious since the war.

American strategy was not, of course, the only factor in this political defeat. Churchill made his share of mistakes. His — and our — abandonment of Mikhailovitch in Yugoslavia and his endorsement of Tito (formalized at Teheran), whom he thought he could control with British gold; and the tacit acceptance of Russia's claims to Poland's eastern territories and the division of Europe into spheres of influence, with predominant control in the Balkans — except for Greece and Yugoslavia — allotted to Russia, also contributed to our loss of the peace. The latter was a particularly heinous mistake. Churchill was its principal architect. He recognized — apparently as early as 1942 — Russia's "predominant interest" in Eastern Europe. Secretary Hull opposed this concept but the President, without Hull's knowledge, agreed to the initial arrangement. Further agreements between London and Moscow in 1944, *coupled with the concentration of Western military strength in France, instead of Southern Europe*, further fortified the Russian position.

But the dominant factor in the political complexion of Europe after the war was the presence of Red Army soldiers in all the countries east of the Trieste-Stettin line. The eruption of the Russians into the Danube basin gave them control over one of Europe's greatest waterways, access to Central Europe's granaries and great cities, and a strategic position of tremendous power at the center of Europe.

All of this Churchill and the British had clearly foreseen; none of this, so far as the record goes, did we foresee. Yet, so great was our physical strength, so impeccable our military logic, that rationaliza-

tion triumphed over foresight. Today the principal architects of our policy understand their mistakes; many of the great military figures of the war admit freely that the British were right and we were wrong. For we forgot that all wars have objectives and all victories conditions; we forgot that winning the peace is fully as important as winning the war; we forgot that politico-military is a compound word.

7

LOSS OF CENTRAL EUROPE. Our post-war difficulties and defeats in Central Europe — notably in Berlin and Vienna and Czechoslovakia — are the fruit of mistakes made during the war in discussions in Washington and London, Quebec and Yalta.

The Soviet ground blockade of Berlin, which brought the United States so close to war with Russia in 1948, was possible only because the United States had no control over the communications to Berlin, and no precise written definition of our communication rights. The post-war Communist coup in Czechoslovakia was aided by Russian propaganda which pointed out that Prague had been liberated by Russian arms. In Austria, too, the Russians made good post-war political capital of their wartime accomplishments. These difficulties stem directly from our lack of politico-military realism during the war.

Our failure to define properly our right of access to Berlin has been placed publicly almost exclusively on the shoulders of a dead man — the late John G. Winant, wartime Ambassador to Britain, and the chief U.S. representative on the European Advisory Commission. This commission, composed of representatives of the United States, Great Britain, and Russia, commenced after the Teheran conference in December, 1943 (where Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin briefly discussed the subject of post-war Germany), to consider the German problem, including the problems of occupation and government, and the geographical limitations of the zones to be occupied by the various Allies.

Winant was a sincere idealist, who hoped for the "brave new world." He was devoted to his country's interests and to the welfare of man, but as an Ambassador he was somewhat vague and his administration was more distinguished for its impulsive warmth than its precision.

I am convinced that the blame for Berlin cannot be laid — exclusively, or even to a major degree — upon the shoulders of Winant. One who knew his work well in the European Advisory Commission has written that "Mr. Winant's basic position was that our most difficult and dangerous post-war problem would be our relations [and Britain's] with Russia; that it was important to secure as wide a measure of written agreement as possible during

hostilities since our direct bargaining power would decline rapidly after the end of hostilities; that America was in the strongest position to press for such agreements; that the agreements should be so detailed and precise that the Russians could not quibble out of them; and that we must deal frankly and fully with the Russians. . . . Mr. Winant was neither 'a trusting soul,' nor an 'appeaser.'"

The truth is that the old and dangerous dichotomy between foreign and military policies seems to have been, in large part, responsible for the lack of definition of a Berlin approach corridor. Winant and the U.S. delegation to the European Advisory Commission did not really make policy; they had a certain amount of freedom and initiative, but all major instructions were the product of Washington and emanated primarily from the President and the Secretaries of War and State.

When the European Advisory Commission was meeting in its first months of life, in December, 1943, and January, 1944, the State Department proposed in Washington that the three zones of post-war occupation in Germany (France had not then been included as an occupying power) be so drawn as to bring each into contact with Berlin. For some reason that defies logical understanding now, the War Department rejected this suggestion, which would have solved nearly all our post-war Berlin difficulties, so that it was never even broached in the EAC. In February, 1944, the British informally suggested that a "corridor" to Berlin be established and defined, but the War Department again objected, stating that this was not a subject for the European Advisory Commission and that the entire question of access to Berlin was "a military matter" which should be settled at the proper time by military representatives.

This eventually was the solution, but the military representatives made a botch of it. In May, 1945, our armies stood deep on German soil. The zonal occupation agreements for Germany, worked out by the EAC, approved at the Quebec conference, and modified at Yalta (to include France), placed Berlin in the Russian zone; the British and U.S. zonal boundaries — contrary to the original recommendation of the State Department — lay 100 miles to the west. In May, 1945, EAC's work was done, and SHAEF was briefed as to its accomplishments.

The SHAEF representative inquired about access to Berlin and was told by the European Advisory Commission that this problem had been left to the military at the War Department's insistence, and that with U.S. troops already fighting in what eventually was scheduled to become part of the Russian zone of occupation of Germany, the whole question of withdrawal of our troops from the Russian zone and access to Berlin ought to be taken up together. In other words, even as late as May, 1945, at the war's end, we still had a bargaining

point; we were in possession — by conquest — of large parts of Germany, including areas slated to be in the Russian zone; we could have conditioned our withdrawal upon acceptance by the Russians of a secure access corridor to our zone in Berlin. The SHAEF representative, in fact, was told that such a corridor agreement ought to include the establishment of our own guard with U.S. troops along the access road and railroad, establishment of vehicle repair and supply points, military telegraph and telephone, right to repair and maintain the road and railroads, and provision for definite alternative routes in case the named routes were not usable for any reason.

This advice was not heeded. The military themselves, after the German collapse, in an agreement of June, 1945, concluded an arrangement which was so general and imprecise as to be productive of future trouble. General Lucius D. Clay has assumed responsibility for the terms of this agreement, and he must bear part of this burden, but he alone is not responsible. The advice he received was none too good; the dangerous breach between State and War still existed, and Eisenhower, Clay, and their advisers negotiated against the background of the psychological delusion then so prevalent in our government — that the Russians were our political as well as military "buddies," and that we could "get along" with Stalin. But basically and fundamentally the responsibility for the Berlin corridor fiasco rests with the War Department in Washington. At the time the European Advisory Commission was conducting negotiations, the War Department — working with a weak State Department — had the bit in its teeth and assumed a mantle it had neither competence nor right to wear: the mantle of divine political wisdom.

In retrospect, it seems probable that the War Department's triumph in this interdepartment struggle for power in Washington was foreordained. The War Department's senior personnel were stronger and more able men; they had behind them, in war, the great force of public backing.

It was thus largely on the basis of "faith" — faith not alone in the Russians but military faith in the military interpretation of political problems — that the Berlin corridor agreement was drawn up.

8

IN March and April, 1945, as the war against Germany was drawing to an end, Eastern Europe had gone irretrievably; our earlier failure to invade the Balkans had cost us dearly. But important parts of Central Europe — Berlin, the Bohemian bastion and Prague, and possibly Vienna — were still at stake.

As early as March 28, with the Allied armies on the Rhine 300 miles from Berlin and the Russians on the Oder 30 miles from Berlin, General Eisen-

hower sent a personal message to Stalin via the U.S. Military Mission in Moscow. This message outlined his plans for a strong push in the center by General Omar Bradley's American forces to a junction with the Russians on the Elbe, to be followed by flank drives by the British in the north to cut off the Danish peninsula and seize the North German ports, and by the Americans and French in the south into Austria to eliminate the possibility of a last-ditch stand by the Nazis in the so-called "National Redoubt." Churchill protested this communication by Eisenhower to Stalin as an intrusion by the military into political matters, and was vehemently critical of the plan; in Eisenhower's words, "he was greatly disappointed and disturbed because my plan did not first throw Montgomery forward with all the strength I could give him from the American forces in the desperate attempt to capture Berlin before the Russians could do so." But Churchill's protest to Washington was overruled.

Eisenhower's defense against this protest has some merits. There is no doubt that he was perfectly within his rights in communicating his plans to Stalin; he had been previously authorized to do so. But his dismissal of the Berlin plan as militarily unwise, and his fear that an attempt to take the city would force diversion of forces from other parts of the front to that sole task — a "stupid" diversion — and his overemphasis upon the "National Redoubt" were, it is now clear, mistaken. Intelligence failures again played a part in this mistake. The "National Redoubt" (fortifications and supplies supposed to have been prepared by the Nazi SS formations in the German-Austrian Alps for a last stand) was grossly overrated in our estimates; we learned later that relatively little work on the "Redoubt" had been done; the scheme was more an idea than an accomplishment. Churchill, in other words, again emerges in the Berlin matter a wily old fox of international politics; his vision was not obscured by the needs of the moment.

Our troops after crossing the Rhine swept eastward with relatively little opposition. Agreements had been reached with the Russians that when contact between the two armies seemed imminent, a line of demarcation should be arranged beyond which each army should not move. This boundary was "temporarily fixed" — in the words of General Eisenhower's final report — "in the central sector" along the easily identified line of the Elbe and Mulde Rivers; the Russians were so notified in Eisenhower's message to Stalin of March 28 (which evoked the Churchill protest). By April 12, the first American bridgehead across the Elbe had been established; we were 100 miles from Berlin and the Russians, 30 miles from that city on the Oder, were just starting their final offensive. It was not until April 25 that the Russians reached the Elbe; in

other words, for about three weeks our forces remained virtually static on that line of demarcation, and not until early May was the Russian battle for Berlin finally won.

Further south our troops moved into Czechoslovakia on April 18, and then on to Pilsen. Prague lay virtually defenseless near at hand; reconnaissance elements of the Third Army were in its outskirts. The Soviet High Command, when informed by General Eisenhower that our troops would move on toward Prague if (in former Secretary of State Byrnes's words) "the situation required it," requested that our forces "should not advance beyond the Budejovice-Pilsen-Karlsbad line." So again our troops marked time, and the political prestige of taking Prague went to the Russians.

So, too, in the south, where the agreed demarcation line ran down the Budejovice-Linz railroad and along the valley of the Enns, Vienna, a possible prize, was voluntarily relinquished.

There was some military reason for this restraint. Two armies surging forward toward each other — a desperate enemy in between — are difficult to control; Eisenhower was concerned about accidental collisions. Moreover, it would not have been easy for us to take Berlin first. The Russians were only 30 miles from that city when we were 100 miles away on the Elbe. Furthermore, General Omar N. Bradley had estimated that though we could take the city, it would be at the cost of perhaps 100,000 casualties. Our troops had been moving fast and hard; the supply problem was difficult — and in any case the Western Allies had advanced far beyond the zonal boundaries agreed upon by the Allied governments and further advance would only have meant eventual evacuation of additional territory east of the Elbe.

Eisenhower felt moreover (in his own words in his final report) that "Berlin no longer represented a military objective of major importance" and that "military factors, when the enemy was on the brink of final defeat, were more important . . . than the political considerations involved in an Allied capture of the capital."

Both political and military decisions, therefore, halted our armies along the Elbe, the Mulde, and the Enns in the closing days of the Third Reich. There *were* military reasons, which seemed good at the time, for not pressing the advance to the utmost, but they were not decisive. The boundaries marked out by the European Advisory Commission and approved at Quebec and Yalta colored the thinking of our commanders. We *could* have moved further eastward. But the political die had been cast; there was not much point in military sacrifice for a political lost cause.

The effect of all these decisions was to make Berlin an island in a Russian sea and to give Soviet troops firm control of Central Europe.

(To be concluded)



Like Sam Clemens, RICHARD PIKE BISSELL holds a pilot's license on the Mississippi, has made a living on our inland waterways, and whether as deck hand, mate, or pilot, has seen some amusing and some narrow shaves aboard the river boats and the barges which ply the Monongahela, the Tennessee, the Illinois, and the Upper and Lower Mississippi. He won the Atlantic "I Personally" Award of \$1000 with his first narrative, "The Coal Queen." He is now finishing his first novel, and we look forward to seeing more of his work in our columns.

DOWN ON THE TENNESSEE

by RICHARD PIKE BISSELL

WHAT, you mean to say you was on the old steamer *Prairie Belle* when she run up the Tennessee?" said the Second Engineer. We were waiting for our boat on the Robert Street landing at St. Paul.

"All the way, Greasy, all the way," I said. "I was the big Mate on that famous expedition."

"Was you there when the stacks come down?"

"I sure was. I was on the head of the tow holler-
ing like a deck hand with his hand caught in the capstan."

"Why, man, I never knew you was on that boat."

"I was there, kid. I was there all the time. I was there in capital letters, Greasy."

That was a wonderful affair down on the Tennessee.

Sometimes you think and dream about something you want and then after you get it it's all different than you thought it would be. That's the way it was down on the Tennessee River when I was the Very First Mate on the stern-wheel steamer *Prairie Belle*. Yet in spite of the hell we had, and the girl with dirty legs, and the deck hand that carried a pistol, I was never caught up in such a riot of color.

Ever since I commenced hitting the river boats, I had wanted to work on one of these old-time, non-condensing, high-pressure, coal-burning, hand-fired, cinder-throwing, hard-puffing, back-breaking stern-wheel steamboats. I thought it would be *romantic*. And so it was.

The story begins at the Paducah landing, with me standing on the foredeck of the high-pressure, coal-burning steamer *Prairie Belle*, which was one of the cutest little steamers ever made on the Upper Mississippi. Years ago the Henkel Brothers of St. Paul got tired of fooling around with motor launches and cramped-up cruisers, and had this full-size old-style stern-wheel steamboat built for their personal use. Look at some of the old houses in St. Paul if

you think they didn't have money in those days. This boat was built on the old traditional lines as to profile, stern wheel, and engine room smells, but had some extras never found on the old *Grey Eagle* or *Key City* — such as five thousand electric fans, two electric refrigerators the size of the St. Louis Union Station, tile-floored bathrooms with built-in tubs, curved plate-glass windows at the forward end of the main cabin, and mattresses without picturesque lumps.

The Henkel Brothers were gone, and the boat had knocked around, and finally it went on the block. Nobody wants these stern-wheelers any more, and our outfit — the Inland Barge Line out of St. Louis — got her for about fourteen dollars and a hundred cigar coupons. The steel hull alone would cost forty thousand today, without the electric fans and the tile floors. Oh but I wish I had bought that boat. With what?

So the company sent me down as Mate and we were to run empties and grain up the Tennessee to Sheffield, Alabama, and then run pig iron down to Paducah, and maybe take it up the Ohio to Evansville. The only reason I got the Mate job was because I had a Mate's License and on these steamboats you got to have licensed officers. Due to a humorous whim on the part of the U.S. Gov't and a successful lobby of the shipping companies, you can operate the biggest Diesel boat in Christendom and suburbs without a single licensed man aboard, but if you power a little old sand and gravel boat with a steam engine you've right away got to have a licensed engineer and a licensed pilot or two, and they've got to have their licenses framed under glass aboard or the inspectors will tie the boat up and freeze it in as tight as New Year's Day in Fountain City Bay. I, being an ambitious as well as a brilliant young man, had passed my examinations with the Bureau of Marine Inspection at the

age of six and had a Mate's License Unlimited Tonnage with an engraving on it of a ship looking like the granddaddy of the Hudson River Day Line.

The company figured a Northern crew would be unhappy down here in the land of snuff dipping, so they had deck hands, firemen, cook, and mess boy shipped up from Alabama. It was a stroke of genius. Without that gang aboard I wouldn't have had any fun at all.

The first ones I ran into were James Jess and Lee Roy Higginbotham. These two boys were about eighteen years old and had never even seen a steamboat before. They turned out in the end to be the two best deck hands I ever had work for me, and they sure didn't back away from the work. James had on white shoes and a baseball cap, and tan shirt and pants.

"Boy," I said, "those white shoes are gonna be an awful sight pretty soon. Ain't you got any other shoes?"

"James he always wears them white slippers," Lee Roy said. They call oxfords "slippers" down there. "Shoes" come up over your ankle.

"All right," I said. "You boys got any gloves?" They didn't have any gloves, so I lent them two bucks and sent them up the levee to the store. You can't deck on a steamboat without gloves, the wires will cut your hands to shreds.

We were carrying a "roof captain" — that is, a company captain in charge, who doesn't stand a pilot watch because he hasn't got a license over that stretch of river; then we had two "trip pilots," non-company men hired from trip to trip, one to stand the forward watch, the other the after watch.

First the Captain arrived in a taxicab. I was glad to see it was Captain Warren, a good old boy — relaxed, and not jumpy like so many of the new young pilots. Then the first pilot came down the levee wearing a Panama hat, with a kid behind him struggling with his suitcase. The second pilot followed pretty soon, a huge tall man with white hair, looking like Old Man River himself. The cook and mess boy, wife and husband consecutively, came hunching down the cobblestones, with their traps in brown paper parcels, a sorry-looking duet, especially the man, who was half asleep right there standing up.

A police car arrived, and the two firemen were deposited on the levee in indelicate condition.

"What's the trouble, boys, too much Bevo?" I said.

"Keep these two squirrels aboard," one of the cops said. "We'd lock 'em up, but after the riot at the dance hall last night we got no place to put 'em. Don't leave us see these two admirals uptown again," and the cops drove off in the squad car.

"What happened to Myrtle? Where's Myrtle at?" says one of the firemen, grabbing me by the shirt sleeve.

"Hey, Dude," the Captain hollered down to me

from the roof. "Get those two college professors aboard and let's go."

James and Lee Roy came down the levee, all gloves, and I showed them how to turn the lines loose, and the bells began to ring in the engine room, oh what a beautiful sound, and we backed out into the stream.

2

WE WENT across the river to pick up our fuel flat and our tow. The fuel flat is a barge towed alongside full of coal for the boiler fires. The deck hands shovel the coal into wheelbarrows and wheel it up a plank and aboard the boat, and dump it in the coal bunkers, which are right up forward. After doing this for six months you can pick up Man Mountain Dean and throw him into the two-dollar seats.

When I took a look at our fuel flat I grew very sad, for with long years of experience I can spot a barge with a criminal record at a glance. I couldn't even guess how many times this barge had been sunk, but the mud was a foot deep in the rake compartments, and I'll bet there were soil specimens in there all the way from the black loam of Minnesota to the mountain silt of West Virginia.

"Watch her close," the old landing watchman told me. "I been apumpin her pretty steady since she come in here."

"Does she come in pretty fast, Dad?"

"You'll see what I mean soon enough," he said. "Where you bound for, Cairo?"

"Up the Tennessee," I said. "Here's your tie-off lines," and I threw him his lines.

"Oh lordy," he said. "Up the Tennessee."

We picked up two loads of grain and five empties. That should take about twenty minutes, but with James and Lee Roy stumbling around and falling over the timberheads, and the pilot turning out to be deaf, it was a two-hour entertainment. The first thing that became apparent was that all our rigging — wires, lines, straps, ratchets — was intended for use on little old wood barges, and was way out of its class on these 175-foot standards. The second thing was that the more vivacious fireman was determined to help make tow. Finally, after cavorting around like the Great Nonesuch, he fell in an empty barge on his head and I thought he would lie quiet for a while, since his neck was obviously broken, but in three minutes he was up on deck again, and giving a demonstration of line throwing.

The Captain came out onto the hurricane roof. "Hey, Dude," he hollered down. "Get that fireman off the barges before he kills himself."

"Another dead fireman is just what the world is waiting for," I said. "Leave the silly bastard go."

I was so blame mad.

"Bring me a lashing, James. Hurry, boy," I'd say.

"What's a lashing?" he'd say.

"One of those lines coiled up on the deck."

"Huh?"

"One of those ropes rolled up on the floor. Go get one. Run! Fly! This ain't a Methodist outing."

We finally got the barges all trussed up with the steel and manila and I was checking things over ready to turn loose and start the big adventure up a brand-new river when the fireman fell in the river. We all stood looking at him as he was floundering around in the water. His old slouch hat was floating away from him. He went down out of sight.

"My, look at the bubbles," says Lee Roy.

"Can he swim?" I said to the other fireman, who had sobered up some and was staring popeyed with his coal scoop in his hand.

"Look, he just drowned," he said.

"Can he swim?" I said.

"Don't look like it."

"No, it don't," I said.

Just then he came up about twenty feet downstream, gave some gurgles, and went down again. I kicked off my shoes and dove in and pulled him out.

We laid him in the deck room to drain and I went out on the barges and turned us loose.

3

I SET the boys to wheeling coal aboard, checked over my barges, and went up to the galley for coffee.

There was no fire in the range, no coffee, and no cook. The galley was piled up to the clerestory with groceries to be put away. I went and knocked on the cook's door and pretty soon the man part of the team came and stuck his teeth at me.

"Listen," I said. "You got to come out here and get a fire going. What if the Captain should send down for coffee?"

"Me an Birdie is takin a nap," he said.

"That galley looks like the day after," I said.

"You and Birdie better shag ass in there and get organized."

"Hey, Birdie, wake up, honey," says the boy. "The man says we got to make some coffee."

"Ah don't care fer none," she says. "It nerves me all up."

I got them moving after a while and they came out groaning and began to stir around among the cases and boxes of stores. Their idea was to leave the groceries piled up on the galley floor and when they wanted something, like the baking powder or vanilla extract, to hunt through the pile.

"What is this here?" says Birdie holding up the coffee percolator.

"My God," I said, "that's the percolator. That's what you make the coffee in."

"Down home we makes it in a pail," she said. She meant a lard pail I suppose.

This man and wife were young, about twenty-five

years old, but they looked and acted all worn out. The man was a sloppy, lazy dog with the ambition of a yellow pine stump. The girl was like one of those disheveled females always peering out of cabin doorways in photographic exposés of the South. She'd have been kind of pretty if she'd have run a comb through her hair and spruced up a little. And washed her legs.

Yes, boys, her skirts were mighty short and her legs were just plumb dirty. Not only that but she knew they were dirty and liked them that way.

"Now you're on your own," I said. "I'm the Mate here, not the nursemaid. The first watch eats at 5.30 and the second at 6.00." And I went up to the pilothouse.

"Captain, we got a couple of real kangaroos down there in the galley," I said. "I don't think either of them ever saw more than a peck of black-eyed peas and a side of sowbelly at one time up to now."

"Dude, you're the most disconcerting man I ever knew," said Captain Warren. "Relax, son. Things are just a little different down here from up in the famous corn and hog state."

"Maybe so," I said, "but I'll bet dinner will be a sight for the birds."

"How's that fuel flat?"

"A real old-fashioned dog, Cap," I said. "Most of my time on this romantic run is gonna be spent trying to keep her afloat. I better go down and check again. We didn't pump her for half an hour."

"There you go again. Can't you take a brighter attitude towards life?"

"Well, the bilge pump is about at the end of the line and needs a good overhaul."

"Oh, my God. Get out of here."

For dinner we had fried eggs and turnip greens, with some black-eyed peas. They got the bread on the table but couldn't locate the butter. Captain Warren looked unhappy up there at the end of the table.

The mess boy nearly cut his arm off opening a can of plums for dessert. He had to go and lie down.

At the conclusion of the feast Captain Warren arose to a majestic height and gave me a very polite bow. "Mister Mate," he said, "I hereby tender you my most humble apologies." And lighting an Antonio and Cleopatra he departed.

"Now what did he mean by that?" said James Jess.

"Another nutty captain," mumbled the striker engineer. "Every boat I get on, the captains gets queerer and queerer."

The next afternoon we ran aground and found out that when you're aground on the Tennessee River you're really hung up. Sixteen hours later we were off, after tearing up a lot of good rigging, and everything was swell — good weather, the deck hands were learning fast, and I showed the cook how to make pot roast.

Then we came up to a place called Duck River Suck. This is a narrow place where the whole river comes down at you like a rapids in the Colorado. We shoved about halfway into the Suck and then the old steamer quit shoving. The pilot hollered for more steam and we climbed up a hundred feet and then the current slowly shoved us back down again. For two hours we battled the current, and the smoke we threw can be seen down there yet, and we finally decided to double-trip up through. So we tied off at the foot of a big rough bank with a field of peanuts at the top and took the loads through one at a time and tied them off upstream.

4

IT WAS October and the trees were turning and there was a blue haze in the hills and ravines. Once we passed an old-time saddlebag cabin right beside the river and it looked like a scene from the opening of the old West, with about six hounds sprawled around, two or three rangy-looking men leaning against a buckboard wagon, and a woman in a sun-bonnet emptying a pail. And we passed Pittsburg Landing, and Shiloh Battlefield, and Mousetail Eddy, Petticoat Riffle, and Widow Reynolds Bar, and Gin Landing, and Fowlkes Tribble, and a lot of other places with names like that.

I was up sitting on the leather bench listening to the endless talk about steamboats and steamboating one afternoon and finally there was a lull in the torrent of river talk.

Captain Warren turned to me. "Dude, something has got to be done about that cook's legs. You're such a flash with the girls, now I want you to speak to her."

"Aw listen, Cap . . ."

"I mean it. You're the very man for the job. I'm mighty pleased to have such a versatile Mate aboard."

"All right, I'll go in and say, 'The Captain says your legs is dirty. Wash em!'"

"That's fine. Go and do it."

"Aw listen, Cap . . ."

"Go and do it. Now," he said. "By the way, Dude, what in hell does that pair of groundhogs use their wonderful private bathtub for?"

"They keep their clothes in it," I said.

I got up and went down to the deck room. Birdie's husband, Vergil, was asleep on a pile of junk line.

I went up to the galley. Birdie was sitting on a chair eating peanut butter out of the jar, with a spoon.

"Listen, Birdie," I said. "You ain't supposed to eat that right out of the jar."

"Ah lahks it," she said.

The sink was all piled up with dishes, and two full garbage pails were spilling onto the floor. Vergil was so dang lazy, instead of emptying a full pail he would go and get another empty one.

"This place looks like hell," I said. "Why don't Vergil empty that garbage?"

"Vergil he's around someplace. He says his hand hurts where he sawed it on them plums."

"Birdie," I said. "Come here with me."

She got up and slopped after me and I went down the main cabin to her room and went in. You never saw such a mess but I'm not going to describe it.

I went in the bathroom and took a couple of cracker boxes and some wadded-up clothes out of the tub and turned on the water.

"What you fixin to do, Mate?" she said, taking out her Bruton's snuff and helping herself.

The tub got pretty full and I tested the water and turned it off. I couldn't find any soap, so I went out to the galley after some.

"You stay right there," I said.

"Mighty strange goins-on," she said.

I came back with a big bar of Ivory. "Birdie, if you like your job on here, get in that tub and take a bath. It's a rule. Maybe you don't understand on account of never workin on a boat before, but the cook gotta take a bath every day. That's the state law."

"What state?" she says.

"Tennessee," I said.

"Ain't no law like that in Alabama."

"You want me to give you that bath?"

"Huh uh," she says. "Go way, boy," and she began to haul her dress off.

I went out.

"Especially the legs, Birdie," I said. "Especially the legs."

"Especially the laigs," she said. "Mah God, what a state."

I went back up to the pilothouse. "Your cook's in the bathtub, Cap. She looks just like Claudette Colbert," I said.

Captain Warren reached in his breast pocket and handed me an Antonio and Cleopatra. "Have a good cigar, Dude," he said. "You know, on deck you leave something to be desired at times. But, boy, I wouldn't trade you for all the mates on the Mississippi River and Tributaries and the Red River of the North."

"Thank you, Captain," I said. "Perhaps my deck work will improve as I grow older. When do we get to Sheffield?"

"In a couple of hours," he said, and commenced to roar. "In the bathtub! You better go down and see that our little Alabama rose don't drown."

5

WE LAID at Sheffield for three days waiting for our pig iron to arrive by rail and be loaded, giving us plenty of time to wash boilers, repair busted rigging, and the firemen to tie on a couple of good ones.

That was a nice landing at Sheffield, right under a wooded hill, with a little gravel road that wound up

through the trees to town. As you got up the valley toward the top of the hill, a sidewalk appeared in the woods, and then houses set back in the trees, and pretty soon you were right downtown. You could play pool or go to the Avalon to the movies and see Cary Grant and you were right back in America again. Or you could take a bus and bang over to Florence and walk past the state normal school in the evening.

We were short one deck hand and had put in a call for one to the shore boss, and the last day in Sheffield I had the boys scrubbing down the texas cabin when Vergil came and told me there was a new deck hand aboard. I went down to the main deck and he was sitting on the capstan watching the river go by.

He was about nineteen feet tall and eight feet wide amidships, with a big round happy face like the fat boy of the sixth grade.

"Well," I said, "you look like you could handle this job without much help. What's your name?"

"Roy B. Hopfield," he said. "They mostly calls me Beehop."

"Ever work on a steamboat before, Beehop?"

"I never work noplase," he said.

"You're in the wrong place, then," I said. "Because you're gonna work on here or you ain't gonna ride. How come you signed up?"

"I'm paroled to here," he said with a creamy smile.

"What was you in for?" I said.

"I killed a man down home."

"Good God, what next!" I said. "Come on, I'll show you where you sleep," and I took him back to the deck hands' quarters aft of the deck room and gave him a bunk.

With moral suasion I got him to wheeling coal and we faced up to our loads of pig iron and started down the river.

After we got squared away I was up in the galley at the coffeepot and James came to see me.

"Boss," he said, "I ain't ridin no boat with Beehop. I'm gettin off down at Pickwick Dam."

"Oh, God damn it now, James," I said. "Don't tell me you know this Beehop."

"I went to school with him and he's the orneriest man in Alabama. I don't like to be anywheres near him."

"Listen, James, you're picking up this steamboat faster than any deck hand I ever had. Someday you'll get a mate's job if you hang around, and by the time you're thirty you'll be up in the pilot-house instead of pulling weeds back in the kudzu fields. Now you *ain't* gonna quit, so don't talk to me about it. Come on down in the deck room and I'll show you some more about splicing."

"This Beehop carries a pistol," he said. "If it ain't on him it's in his suitcase. He ain't never been away from that pistol sence he was twelve years old."

"Do me a favor and stay on till we get to Paducah," I said. "Will you do that?"

"All right," James said. "But I'm doin the wrong thing, I know."

For the next two days I treated Beehop just right. I worked with him and talked to him a lot. His trouble was a big hot temper. A wild temper that ran away at all the wrong things, simple things; the psychologists would have had a swell time with him. Something way back had burned him and there was no cure.

But I got that pistol.

"Beehop," I said to him one afternoon. "Come here with me."

We went through the deck room and back to his cabin. "Now open your suitcase and give me your pistol," I said.

"No, boss," he said. "I ain't agonna do that."

"Beehop," I said, "you outweigh me by a hundred pounds so there ain't gonna be no fight, but I want that gun. When you quit, you get it back, but while I'm the Mate there's no whiskey aboard, and no firearms."

"I ain't got no gun," he said.

"Give it to me," I said. "You know that ain't right."

By God, he opened up his suitcase and fished out a forty-five the size of a Gatling gun and handed it to me.

"Thanks," I said.

Beehop looked down at me and his black eyes took on that queer look that nobody liked. He could have picked me up with one hand and broken my back over the end of the bunk.

"Give mah ree-volver to a sawed-off Yankee," he said. "Ah must be goin crazy."

I walked out and through the engine room, and the engineer looked at the pistol in my hand and was about to say something but didn't.

The Captain was in his cabin reading. I went in and laid the forty-five on his desk. "A souvenir I just took away from that new deck hand," I said.

"It says here in this book there are over five hundred species of hummingbirds," he said, looking at the gun.

"What a coincidence," I replied.

6

THE pilot on my watch was an old man that could remember back to packet days. He had white hair sticking out from under a big black hat, was deaf, as I said before, and his eyesight was going fast. At night I stood beside him by the big wheel, hunting buoys for him with the field glasses.

"Dang that fog," he'd say. "Now, son, here we are coming down on Petticoat Riffle. A bad place. A bad place. We got to shoot her right between a black and a red here. All rock bottom here. A bad place."

"I don't see 'em yet, Cap."

"All rock in through here. Tear the bottom right out of this fine steamboat."

"There's a red! Haul her over to starboard, Cap! We're away out too far."

"Dang fog. Cain't see nothing. By rights should tie up."

There was no fog.

We were coming out of the lock at Kentucky Dam, the last dam before Paducah, one morning at 4.00 A.M., and I was out on the head of the barges, where the Mate always stands to give signals. Right beyond the lock gates was a railroad bridge over the guide walls. This bridge only opened on signal from the steamboats.

I gave the signal to come ahead after the lock gates were open and we commenced to move out. I was two barge lengths from the boat, about 350 feet.

"Boss, he didn't blow for that trestle bridge," James, who was out with me, said.

I looked back and turned to ice. I knew right away that the old man didn't see the bridge, had forgot it was there, hadn't blown the whistle, wasn't going to blow the whistle, was about to ring a full ahead bell, and that in one minute there would be a sickening crash.

I commenced to dance and holler like a crazy man. I gave the old man the go back signal and hollered till you could hear me in Memphis. On we came.

Now it was too late. We would hit anyway.

"Come on, James, we got to break out the fire hoses," I said, and I ran for the boat.

I was right on the foredeck when we hit. The old man never saw the bridge at all.

Crash! O hellkite! Clouds of smoke and soot! Cries of anguish and surprise! The big tall stacks fell down. One lit flat on the hurricane deck over the cabin where the Captain was asleep and he thought he was waking up in hell. The other fell on the pilothouse with a thunderous crunch, and bounced off and squashed one of the antique lifeboats.

"Oh my God, oh my God," said the fireman holding his head.

As James and I got to the roof the Captain bolted past us in his long underwear bound for the pilothouse. We broke out the fire hose and sprayed the deck and looked over the destruction.

An awful sight. The stack guys had pulled down our precious Carlisle and Finch searchlight and it was lying on its side with bad wounds waiting for the stretcher bearer. Smoke was pouring out of the stack stubs, and the roof was covered with soot and devastation.

The old pilot was standing by the wheel quietly. He had got her stopped. He was just standing there watching us play the fire hose.

I don't think Captain Warren said anything to the old man then. But when I sent James down to stand by for fire on the boiler deck by the stub bases, I heard what they said. I was right in front of the pilothouse on the clerestory roof.

"Wouldn't they open for you?" the Captain asked.

"I didn't blow."

"Wouldn't she back?"

"I didn't ring a backing bell."

"Didn't you know that bridge was there?"

"No."

"When was your last trip up here, Captain?"

"Ten years ago. There was no lock and no bridge then."

"Couldn't you see that bridge?"

"Captain Warren, I can't see anything. Don't you know that?"

"Then why . . ."

"A sordid story, Captain. I need the money."

"Well, well," Warren said. "Stacks have been known to fall, and rise again."

It took three days to get the stacks repaired, another lesson in steamboating for me, and then we were shoving down the river and the exhaust was howling in the stacks the same as ever. And Beehop and James and Lee Roy had worked out a new system for wheeling coal. And it was Indian summer.

I sat in the pilothouse as we came down past Cuba Towhead into Paducah, and the sun struck the islands, and the trees lit up in the golden afternoon.

"Yes," said the pilot, "the river is a sweet old girl, but I overstayed my welcome, son. Time for this old man to get his hat and go home."

There lay Paducah. The cocktail lounge in the Irvin Cobb Hotel, and the supermarkets and the movies and the automobiles lined up at the curbs.

I could have gone uptown and gotten a good job in an air-conditioned office and taken the office girls to the shows at night. I could have been a salesman or an expert in plastics. I could have been a teller in a bank and handled the big bills. I could have boosted sales for a wholesale grocery house or deserted the human race and sold insurance.

Why didn't I do that?

The pilot reached up for the whistle cord and blew for our landing.

"It's a beautiful evening, son," he said. "A beautiful evening at the mouth of the Tennessee. And you're twenty-five years old and a steamboat mate. How does that feel?"

I decided to stay.

Down beyond the levee was the wide Ohio sweeping past town. One of those big Pittsburgh stern-wheelers was holding up in the channel, and their yawl was heading for shore to pick up a pilot, or set one off.

"I wonder how that feels," he said. "To be twenty-five years old again on the river."

Private Enterprise

Is this, as the pessimists say, "a time for despair"? Or could it be that we who have been working in a

democracy have taken for granted, and so overlooked, the notable progress achieved since 1910? According to SUMNER H. SLICHTER, ours is one of the great creative eras in history. Born in Madison, he took his A.B. at the University of Wisconsin and his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago, and is today Lamont University Professor at Harvard and chairman of the Research Advisory Board of the Committee for Economic Development.

BETTER THAN WE THINK

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

I

IT is fashionable today to regard the world as experiencing a moral crisis and to look on the future of mankind as dark. A famous British novelist has written: "The nations of the West are all sick societies disintegrating under the impact of an advancing technology." An eminent American theologian has said: "There is so little health in the whole of our modern civilization that one cannot find an island of order from which to proceed against disorder." A distinguished Princeton philosopher has declared in this magazine: "Our ideals and moral ideas have in the past been rooted in religion. But the religious basis of our ideals has been undermined, and the superstructure of ideals is plainly tottering. . . . It would therefore look as if the early death of our civilization were inevitable."

A case for pessimism is easily constructed. It rests partly upon the record of the last generation or two and partly upon the formidable accumulation of problems that await solutions and that seem to call for more wisdom and altruism than men can be expected to supply. The record of the last generation, superficially at least, looks bad. Two world wars within thirty years seem to mean that men have botched the handling of their problems; the spread of political philosophies which recognize no civil rights seems to mean that men are abandoning the idea of the supreme importance of the individual which has been a foundation stone for Western civilization for two thousand years; the organized cruelties inflicted by more than one government upon tens of thousands of persons seem to mean that humanitarian sentiment is becoming weaker; the breakdown of accepted standards of right and wrong in some fields of activity and the absence of accepted standards in other fields suggest that the community lacks the moral purpose necessary to provide rules of conduct for a rapidly changing world.

The accumulation of problems that confront men is terrifying. The rapid changes in technology dur-

ing the last two centuries have created a multitude of situations in which traditional rules of conduct do not apply. Consequently, men are confronted with the necessity of revising their ideas of right and wrong about many matters, and of extending the ethical system into new areas. The rise of corporations requires an ethical code for directors and managements; the growth of trade-unions requires the development of many new rules of conduct in the field of industrial relations. The broad interdependence created by modern technology requires that people attach more and more importance to the interests which they have in common. Most important of all, the growing destructiveness of war requires that nations achieve a new capacity to maintain peace.

The case for pessimism is persuasive, but it is superficial and misleading. Much of the indictment of the present age does not apply to the United States or to the democratic countries of Western Europe. Neither world war was started by the United States or its associates. And while each war represented in a sense the failure of men to master their problems, in the case of the United States and Britain, at least, the wars also represented willingness to fight for important ideals. Certainly such willingness is no less important than capacity to find solutions for difficult problems.

Political philosophies which deny individual rights did not originate in the United States or the Western democracies, and have found little favor in them. Furthermore, governments founded on these philosophies do not seem to flourish. Two of the principal dictators are no longer with us, and some leading dictatorships of today maintain themselves only by cutting their subjects off from communication with the rest of the world.

The best answer to the pessimists, however, is the record of the last generation or two. In the United States at least, and in most countries of Western Europe, this record is truly impressive and

stamps the twentieth century as an age of remarkable moral progress. This statement will strike many persons as surprising, but the recent accomplishments of Western civilization, particularly in the United States, indicate deep and widespread concern for human well-being and a growing capacity on the part of the community to deal with its problems. Certainly these achievements afford no evidence that the country is indifferent to moral issues. On the contrary, they afford evidence of broad and keen interest in ethical problems and of a determination to create new rules of conduct to fit new situations.

2

IN SIX important areas moral progress in recent times has been particularly noteworthy. Let us examine each of them briefly.

Concern with how people fare

The community is showing more concern than ever before with what is going on, and is keeping track of what is happening more closely than ever before—a sign of the concern of men with the general welfare. One manifestation of the interest of the community in what is happening is the large output of local, state, and national laws. Many of these laws, of course, are highly controversial. Many people think that the community should be more willing to let nature take its course and less willing to yield to the pleas of special-interest groups. Perhaps a more mature democracy than ours would be less willing to legislate. One thing, however, is certain—namely, that much of the large volume of legislation is evidence that the community is concerned with the conditions under which its members live and work.

A more significant manifestation of the concern of the community with the general welfare is the collection and dissemination of statistics. This statement may cause the reader to smile, for statistics seem to be drab and prosaic things. The great growth of statistics, however, is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the age. Never before has a community kept track from month to month, and in some cases from week to week, of how many people are born; how many die and from what causes; how many are sick; how much is being produced; how much is being sold; how many people are at work; how many people are unemployed; how long they have been out of work; what prices people pay; how much income they receive and from what sources; how much they owe; what they intend to buy.

These elaborate attempts of the country to keep informed about what is happening mean that the community is concerned with how its members are faring and with the conditions under which they live. For this reason the present age may take

pride in its numerous and regular statistical reports and in the rapid increase in the number of these reports. No other age has evidenced such keen interest in the conditions of the people.

Provision of opportunities

Great progress is being made in creating opportunities for individuals. Some of the increase in opportunities has been unplanned; it has been the result of technological progress and of the rise in per capita incomes. These two causes explain why, for example, the number of jobs has been growing faster than the population, and in particular why the number of professional and technical jobs has been growing several times faster than the total number of jobs. Much of the growth in opportunity, however, has been planned; it has been a result of acceptance of the idea that the abundance of opportunity should not be left to chance.

Especially has the great increase in educational opportunities reflected plans of parents and of the community, and the desire of donors to make education available to everyone regardless of means. Few periods in the world's history have made more rapid progress than the last fifty or sixty years in breaking down the economic barriers to education. Back in 1890, for example, only one out of fourteen children between fourteen and seventeen years of age was in school; by 1945, however, the proportion had grown to four out of five. The number of high school graduates has been increasing since 1890 about thirteen times as fast as the population, and the number of college graduates six times as fast. The removal of racial and religious barriers to employment has been planned, and has taken a new form. Previous periods had seen the removal of legal disabilities; the present age has seen an attack on a less tractable kind of discrimination—discrimination embodied in hiring practices.

Interest in the needy

The community today is showing more interest in the welfare of its needy members than in any previous period. Especially during the last twenty years there has been a rapid change in the attitude of the community toward the needy. Back in 1929 this country had fewer than 500 private pension plans and no public social insurance schemes except workmen's compensation laws applying in cases of industrial accidents. Total payments to persons on the basis of need represented only 1.2 per cent of all personal incomes.

Today the country has over 9000 employer-initiated pension plans, many plans negotiated by unions, a scheme of Federal old-age pensions which covers about three workers out of five, and a system of unemployment compensation which covers about seven workers out of ten. In addition, the country has a program of public welfare under which hundreds of millions of dollars are disbursed

every year, and it has many thousands of private sick-benefit plans. Payments on the basis of need now run at the rate of about 12 billion dollars a year and represent over 6 per cent of all personal incomes.

There are still many gaps and inadequacies in the country's arrangements for providing the needy with incomes, but no community has ever shown as much willingness to help the unfortunate as does the United States today.

Civil rights in industry

The community has greatly extended the area of civil rights, introducing civil rights into the internal operations of business enterprises where they had not previously existed. This great accomplishment is immediately the result of the rise of trade-unionism and the spread of collective bargaining, but the growth of the trade-union movement has been greatly aided by public policies.

It is usual to think of collective bargaining merely as an arrangement through which employees and employers bargain over wages and the hours of work. This, however, is not the most significant aspect of collective bargaining. Its most important aspect is the framework of rules which are formulated in negotiations and which both men and managers must observe. These rules mean that decisions of management may be challenged by employees and that management may be compelled to rescind certain decisions which violate the rights of employees. In other words, at the very time that some governments have been going to great extremes in asserting the claims of government against the individual, the United States has been helping millions of individuals to acquire important new rights.

Tolerance for critics

The community today shows great tolerance for dissenters and critics, and this tolerance seems to be increasing. In fact, the community is more than tolerant toward dissenters and critics; it shows a lively curiosity about their ideas, it buys their books and magazines, it listens to their lectures, and it even elects a few of them to public office. I do not assert that the life of a dissenter is an easy one, but it would be difficult to find an age in which the challengers of accepted values or of established institutions found a readier audience.

Perhaps the community has been lax in not demanding that critics inform themselves more adequately about the matters which they discuss; perhaps the community has been too ready to listen to crackpots and to be intrigued by the possibility of panaceas for this or that group of problems. The United States, however, may take pride in the fact that it furnishes an environment favorable for protest and criticism, and that most people now take it for granted that no practice or institution or rule of conduct is above challenge. Whether

the subject be public policies, methods of business management, social conditions, or canons of taste in painting, literature, music, or architecture, the flow of criticism is large and vigorous.

Some people look on this widespread challenge of accepted values and established institutions as unhealthy. The most dignified and important thing that man does, however, is to reach decisions about what is right and wrong, fair and unfair, desirable and undesirable, beautiful and ugly. Consequently, the large volume of criticism and dissent is healthy. A decaying or disintegrating community would be holding fast to old judgments and displaying little interest in revising its ideas about values.

Success in working together

Despite the rapid rate of technological advance, the community has succeeded in remaining basically coöperative. The rapid changes in technology during the last century might well have divided the community into bitterly warring groups. There were large new streams of income to be fought over; and new kinds of property, not sanctified by tradition, invited seizure and expropriation. The age has, of course, been one of great economic controversies. Able and persuasive men have endeavored to convince people that the essential relationship between men is one of conflict, that the course of history is explained by conflict between classes, and that the problems of mankind can be solved only by revolution and dictatorship.

The remarkable fact is, not that these doctrines acquired great vogue in Eastern Europe, but that their influence in Western Europe, and especially in Britain and the United States, has been so limited. The people of this country have been engaged in vigorous and continuous controversy over the fairness of the distribution of income and the rights of property. In spite of vigorous and frequent economic controversies, however, the United States has remained basically a coöperative country. Most people think of themselves as members of the community rather than as members of special-interest groups. Even the parties to the recent coal and steel strikes were in agreement on the fundamental issue that there should be pensions; the differences related to less basic matters, such as the amount of the employer's contribution and whether there should be a contribution from employees.

Since most persons think of themselves primarily as members of the community rather than as members of special-interest groups, the people have maintained a vigorous public spirit and a lively concern with common interests. A standing criticism of the principal American political parties has been that it is frequently difficult to tell the difference between them. This difficulty, however, is not necessarily a reason for criticism of the parties; to some extent it reflects the fact that frequently the people are pretty close to one mind

on major issues, and that the principal difference between large groups in the community is over how rapidly the government should move in attacking certain problems or in experimenting with new policies.

3

It is paradoxical that the remarkable accomplishments of Western societies in adapting their institutions and their rules of conduct to revolutionary changes in technology should be so little appreciated — that the societies which have done these things should be held in such low esteem and should even be described as “sick” and “disintegrating.”

I do not know the explanation. Part of it probably is that much remains to be done. Preoccupation with unsolved problems causes men to overlook how much has been accomplished. Part of the explanation is probably found in the fact that the development of new institutions and rules of conduct does not follow a master plan which everyone can see. The changes are worked out bit by bit and the process of making them is far from edifying. It evokes fierce controversies in which special-interest groups of all sorts urge extreme and selfish claims. The influence of particular groups is much less than it seems to be because the various special interests tend to offset one another. They are, however, far more noisy and unabashed in asserting their claims than the more or less unattached middle-of-the-roaders who ultimately make most of the decisions. Consequently, the process of adjusting institutions and values to new conditions seems unworthy of the great achievements which it produces.

Do the encouraging accomplishments of the Western countries during the last generation mean that people would be justified in believing that mankind may solve the greatest problem of all: the avoidance of another major war? No prediction on this point is worth making; the unknowables are too many and too important. Perhaps it is worth remembering that there have been few wars between democratic countries. Furthermore, if the democracies are right in their claims that they furnish an environment more favorable for the advancement of knowledge than do the dictatorships, then the democracies are likely to gain military power faster than the dictatorships, and thus be too powerful to be attacked.

The remarkable moral progress of Western civilization in the twentieth century, however, does justify the prediction that history will not regard the Western countries as sick and as disintegrating under the impact of technology. On the contrary, history will consider our era one of the world's great ages. Historians will regard present Western societies as remarkably vigorous, robust, and dynamic. They will see that the great problems of the twentieth century are largely the products of this robustness and vigor — that these problems stem

from the rapid changes in technology and conditions of living produced by these dynamic societies.

Two things in particular, I think, will cause historians to regard the present age as great. One is that it has been morally creative. Its efforts to adapt its institutions to revolutionary changes in methods of production have been truly heroic and, by and large, successful. The present age has accepted more completely than any previous one the idea that men must do more than obey accepted rules of conduct — that they must strive to improve those rules and that they must develop new rules to fit new conditions.

The process of extending or modifying the ethical system has produced much stormy discussion and, one must concede, many self-seeking arguments. Disagreements over what is fair may produce, for the time being at least, a sort of moral chaos, but it is a healthy kind of chaos. It does not mean that people are indifferent to right and wrong; on the contrary, it means that people are keenly interested in the rules which govern conduct, that they are searching for better rules, and that they are willing to support their positions vigorously.

The second feature of the present age which will cause historians to regard it as great is its unprecedented effort to translate ideas about the good life into reality — to give men the opportunity to live the good life here and now, and to bring this opportunity to people of small means.

Other ages have produced inspiring discussions of the nature of the good life, but the people of the twentieth century have not been satisfied with reflections and discussions. They have insisted that the educational opportunities of men of all classes be enlarged, that economic and social barriers to opportunity be broken down, that men be given some minimum protection against the principal economic hazards. No other age has done so much to bring some minimum of education, opportunity, and security to all members of the community.

Willingness to challenge accepted rules of conduct and institutions and to seek to improve them, and recognition that the community has the obligation to give all its members a fair chance at the good life, are not the characteristics of a sick and disordered society. They do not mean that the community is disintegrating under the impact of a rapidly changing technology. Rather they mean that the community is adapting itself to new conditions.

The people in the United States and Europe who have helped produce the important moral achievements of the last fifty years may hold their heads high. Their accomplishments will bear honorable comparison with those of any of the world's great ages. Not only have they produced one of the most creative periods in the history of morals but, by making the development of new rules of conduct a democratic process, they have given new dignity and significance to the lives of millions of men.

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POEMS

by COLLISTER HUTCHISON

SIDEREAL

If you can think of bone
Raying in a pale, secret pattern through
Flesh, if for you,
Bodies golden, white, and brown, caskets are
To hold a raggedly elongated star
Like a flower, like a stone,
Growing softly like a flower,
Softly growing like a stone,

If it gladdens you to know
That below stars other stars and as stately, Oh,
So stern and stately, go
Hushed and lonely ways,

You will not fear what is lying
Deep in life's embrace,
White and starry,
White and very
Secret. Dying
Will be like a flower growing softly,
Slowly, softly,
Growing more and more like stone.

PASSAGE

I who could not watch one hour
In the garden with a god given over again through loveliness to death,
Now look upon the broadened leaf and flower
Of actual, unmysterious spring, knowing how
Treacherous is grief, how more than evil, suffering
That blinds one to misty green along the bough.

And this betrayal too shall pass
Toward the long loyalty immortal body gives, when breath
Is no longer pain at moonlight on the grass
Or a golden tree that softly stirs shaken with
Secret rapture in the autumn rain, or Betelgeuse
Challenging winter in a burning myth.

I who could not watch an hour
In the garden with a god given over again through loveliness to death,
Looking upon the broadened leaf and flower
Of actual and mysterious spring, know now
That joy casting grief in its shadow, that joy and the loneliest suffering
Are only mist and leaves upon a Bough.



"The physicians have increased the mere quantity of a woman's life. It is the task of educators to help improve the quality of the latter part of it." So argues LYNN WHITE, JR., an ardent advocate of a more practical education for women young or middle-aged. This article and one to follow in the February Atlantic have been drawn from his book, Educating Our Daughters: A Challenge to the Colleges, which Harper will publish early this year. Educated at Stanford and at Harvard, Dr. White has been President of Mills College since 1943.

FAIR, FIT, AND FIFTY

by LYNN WHITE, JR.

I

THE aged verger of an English cathedral once remarked that of all the sight-seers of many sorts and nations with whom he talked, the most thoughtful and interested were American women over forty. Yet all is not well with this group. One of the shrewdest and most feminine observers of American life, that eminent sociologist of the grandmother, Helen Hokinson, took as her field the moderately well-to-do woman whose children have grown up and who is filling the vacant last decades of her life with busywork. The Hokinson humor, like much great humor, plays about the edges of spiritual tragedy.

One of the most senseless wastes in American life — and we are expert wastrels — is that of the energy and intelligence of the millions of women whose sons and daughters have left home. Our society makes no real place for them; yet we need them not merely in volunteer services outside the family but, if they wish to work, in the labor forces of the nation. Our standard of living and leisure is not what we wish it were; and as the proportion of elderly women grows, it will be increasingly advisable to open to them opportunities to work, if only to lighten the economic burden on younger workers.

The chief reason for wishing to change the condition of the grandmother, however, is ethical. To be useless is not good for the soul. Many a woman in her forties turns to bridge, chatter, shopping expeditions, aimless clubs, and, in extreme cases, to alcohol to gain an illusory sense of activity. She often becomes fatuous, because life, in the form of her children, has walked out on her, leaving only a husband who is mostly at the office. At times she becomes bulbous from overeating induced by a sense of insecurity and uncertainty. She becomes timorous of all change, since change has wronged her.

Whereas by medical advances we have greatly

increased the relative number of the middle-aged and elderly — particularly among women — we have taken from them the dignity which formerly they enjoyed even in our civilization. The invitation of Rabbi Ben Ezra,

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made,

has a hollow ring today. Because among us, unlike the Chinese, age inspires no respect, the art of growing old gracefully is less cultivated, and age becomes less worthy of respect. The fantastic valuation which we put upon youthful beauty in women, for example, brings its nemesis in bedizened crones. The high proportion among elderly Chinese women of faces placidly confident, wrinkled with good humor and the attentive observation of the world, indicates a part of the rewards in character which the Chinese reap from their wisdom in regarding the course of life as one of continuing enrichment.

The physicians have increased the mere quantity of a woman's life. It is the task of educators to help improve the quality of the latter part of it. The crisis of the forties, when many women wake up to find themselves idle, often coincides with a physiological shake-up. The combination is so severe that plans to meet it should be laid far in advance. Even in college, girls should be taught to foresee the double event and advised as to how to build their intervening lives so that when it comes they can take it in stride.

A specific course which would do much to build assurance and emotional stability as the years pass might be called "Law and Order for the Housewife," or, if one must be more pompous, "Normal Procedures in American Business." Most women have only enough contact with business and legal matters to puzzle and confuse them. Their hus-

bands attend to these things in an atmosphere of masculine efficiency which throttles detailed questions but which does not always inspire wifely confidence. The death of her husband, or even the long prospect of it, throws many a woman into a state of timidity which frays her life around the edges.

If from college days onward she had had some general information on such matters as the types of insurance and annuities, the nature of real-estate transactions, property, income, and estate taxes, what a stockbroker does, the broad theory of investment portfolios, trusts, the trusteeship of minor children, the making and probating of wills, the responsibilities of an executor, normal legal fees, and the like, she would be better able to ask pointed questions and would approach her later years without that sense of being lost in an economic and legal jungle which haunts many women. Moreover, if it were properly taught, such a course would be far more than a collection of useful information: it would provide an insight into the functioning of our society not found in the courses now usually offered.

Naturally, until a woman is widowed (and the chances are strong that she will be, such is the fragility of men), we may hope for her husband's sake that family life continues to occupy a good part of her time. Indeed it is possible that a woman may rediscover her husband. The morning after the wedding of the third and youngest daughter of a certain family, the bride's mother sadly remarked to the father that the house would seem lonely now with everybody gone. "Well," said he, "why don't you get married?" There are rumors that a man can stand a bit of rediscovering at about that time in his life.

Indeed it is to be hoped that some day we may work out a productive system whereby men may, in their early fifties, if not retire, at least taper off the amount of time given to work so that husbands and wives may devote more time to each other and to common interests. If women simultaneously made a habit of taking part-time jobs, this might be brought closer to the realm of economic possibilities. The effect of such a change could only be good. One of the secrets of the extraordinary dynamism of Japan and at the same time of the refinement of Japanese culture has been the habit among Japanese men, even of the lower middle class, of retiring in early middle age, turning their business and support over to younger relatives or partners, and devoting themselves thereafter to viewing the cherry blossoms, calligraphy, ancient dances, and in general to personal cultivation and the good life, even though at times it is lived frugally. The growth of equivalent customs in America would do much to make the lives of middle-aged women, as well as their husbands, happier.

If a woman has reared her family with perspective, she has almost certainly learned to share in volunteer community services, politics, the arts, or

the like, to which she can devote herself with increasing energy as her family responsibilities diminish. If she has for any reason failed to find congenial interests, it is by no means too late. There is much that needs to be done, the doing of which can be very satisfying and instructive.

To choose only one example, a woman who wants some really novel experiences may start a campaign to rid her city or county of that nauseous eczema of our modern world, the billboard. The newspapers will be either silent or opposed to her because they are so involved with advertisers. Few organizations will help her because of the business interests of their members, or of their members' husbands.

When she gathers a band of stalwart anti-billboarders to attend a hearing before the city council or county supervisors, she will find the opposition composed of representatives not of the road sign companies, but of the lumber, paint, and sheet-metal industries. There will be spokesmen for the carpenters' and painters' unions accusing her of wanting to take the bread from the mouths of their wives and children by reducing employment. Her obvious counterproposal, that more houses be built with the released labor and materials, will be passed over quickly. The billboards will remain and multiply like bacteria infecting the landscape, but at least she will have begun a rigorous adult education course in local politics. Then she can relax and devote herself to the alumnae activities of the institution from which she graduated. Many a woman approaching middle years has found new vigor and enthusiasm in identifying herself with the ongoing life of her college and in expanding her maternal instincts, now that her own children are grown, to encompass the new generations of students which inhabit its campus.

2

WHENEVER one talks about women working for pay, the timeworn objection crops up that "if they have husbands to support them they are just taking jobs away from men who must feed their families." This assumes that the purpose of our economic system is to give work rather than to provide the products of work — that is, the food, clothing, shelter, services, and other goods which people actually use. For centuries this argument has been used against every technological improvement which turned out more goods with less work — a type of thinking which should have been drowned in laughter forty years ago at the famous suggestion that the Panama Canal be dug with silver teaspoons to "spread the work." It is the argument which underlies the union rules for restricting production and those which so subdivide the functions of workmen and the jurisdiction of unions that several men must be called in to do simple jobs which one could easily handle.

The most precious of the products of work is leisure from work. The democratic revolution made all of us aristocrats legally and politically. The technological revolution, which was so closely allied with it, is tending to make us all aristocrats not only in our standard of living but also in our standard of leisure, the most important element in living — if one knows how to use leisure intelligently. Our task is not to spread the work, but rather to get as many men and women as possible to work as efficiently as we can, and then to share the product of our work, including leisure, as justly as we can.

There is no reason, save an outmoded snobbism, why women should not normally expect and hope to assume at least part-time salaried jobs in middle life. Even if the job in itself is not very exciting the very holding of it helps morale and the income is not amiss in most cases. In vocational advising of college girls, every effort should be made to impress on them the importance of maintaining their occupational skills and interests in good shape during the child-rearing years when, in all probability, they will find it impossible to use them regularly.

This is obviously no simple task, but it can be done, and with pleasure, if it is planned in advance. A woman who has stenographic skills will establish contacts whereby she can occasionally do lengthy typing jobs at home, or help in some office during a peak load of work. A laboratory assistant or occupational therapist will keep in touch with professional journals and new techniques. A home economist will maintain membership in the appropriate professional society and scan current publications. A woman with a teacher's certificate will act in emergencies as a substitute for sick teachers. A commercial artist will deliberately choose voluntary service with organizations needing posters and the like. A textile expert will have a loom in her home at which she can work at odd moments. A woman trained in religious education will teach Sunday School and assist other church activities. A graduate nurse will register with the local nursing bureau for special service. A musician will give occasional music lessons. Indeed every imaginable type of skill can be kept in shape from the twenties to the forties, if it is done systematically and intelligently as insurance of useful activity in middle life.

There are, however, many kinds of work that any middle-aged woman can do if she has sense and health. For example, there is great demand for experienced and reliable women who can relieve younger women of family responsibilities on regular days or afternoons so that they may either develop community interests or hold part-time jobs of their own. Now that servants are the new plutocracy, the old stigma against such work is rapidly vanishing, and there is no reason why women of culture and breeding, who in any case for years have probably been doing most of their own housework, should recoil from such arrangements.

Again, the innumerable selling jobs assume little experience save the instinct for values in goods and the knowledge of human psychology which most mature women acquire in the process of living. I am assured by gray-haired saleswomen that selling has the double interest of the article sold and the vagaries of the potential purchaser, which are sometimes refreshing and always instructive if one is interested in human nature.

3

THE chief difficulty with finding jobs for middle-aged women is that, since most of them have family commitments for some of their time, they cannot well take on steady full-time jobs. There are innumerable jobs in our society which could be filled by different persons on alternate days, which could be cut up into four-, three-, or even two-hour shifts per day, or which could be handled on a piece-work or commission basis, all of which would give greater flexibility in hours and therefore economic opportunity to women. Unfortunately the business world is dominated by a masculine fixation on the eight-hour day as the only moral unit of human activity. It is clearly in the interest not only of women but of the productivity of our economic system to break down this rigidity of thought about time-units of labor, and to adapt each job to the unit which is most efficient for it and for society as a whole.

Many employers object to dividing full-time into part-time jobs because of the considerable increase in bookkeeping which it entails. There are more files to set up, more records to keep, more Social Security deductions to make, and so forth. It seems unlikely, however, that under a system of split jobs the employer would lose money. Most efficiency experts seem to have concluded that in general a person does more and better work during a relatively short stint, whereas a long working day brings weariness, boredom, and low production in proportion to time spent working.

Nothing would do more for the morale of women, and particularly of middle-aged married women, than the development of as many part-time jobs as possible. It is strange that our powerful women's organizations have not given more study to the question. In every largish city a special agency to discover and fill such jobs might be set up coöperatively by the local women's clubs, and a campaign launched through radio and the newspapers to make the community conscious of the possibility and importance of such jobs. If in the classified ads section of the papers the part-time openings were listed separately from the rest, employers might find that the eagerness of able women for such jobs, and the resulting opportunity to fill them with a high type of person, would justify splitting existing full-time positions. Such a service might also investigate existing brush-up courses for women whose skills

are rusty, and encourage or sponsor others which seem to be needed in terms of the local demand for workers. This task is concrete and tangible. It should be item number one on the agenda of those who wish to help women towards confidence in themselves.

As was the case in the older struggles to improve the lot of women, which were chiefly political, the major obstacle will be the psychology of men and especially of loving husbands. How many a man of the era of Teddy Roosevelt, eying his wife with a pained expression as she donned her feather boa to march in a suffragette parade, remonstrated, "But darling, don't you *trust* me when I vote?" So today many men, especially in the middle and higher income brackets where most college graduates are to be found, are sensitive about having their wives work in paying jobs. They will have to be taught that the right to work is like the right to vote: a necessary form of human expression in a democratic society, and one not limited by sex or social group. If this is too abstract a notion for a husband to begin with, it may be pointed out that the cost of living has skyrocketed, that his life insurance is not going to provide the security for his wife that he thought it would when the policy was written, and that the startling and continuing increase in women's life expectancy is playing havoc with annuity arrangements. And besides, now with Charlotte married and Peter off at college, she can't spend all her spare time moping over the new television set. The biggest immediate and practical assignment for American women is to find and create the kind of jobs which will harmonize with and supplement their basic and most satisfying job of bearing and rearing the race.

Occasionally the suggestion is made that the entire timing of college at present is masculine in its presuppositions, that girls should be encouraged to marry in their teens, have their families, and then go to college in their late thirties and develop careers. The idea is intelligent and may in time produce an alternate pattern of higher education for women, or at least for those who can live at home and scramble an occasional egg for the vestigial husband while pursuing their studies. Adult education through local university extension centers is already reaching thousands. The non-residential Junior College, intensively developed in California, now spreading rapidly over the nation, and ardently advocated under the name Community College in the report of President Truman's Commission on Higher Education, should provide further opportunities to an increasing number of mature women.

However, perhaps the summer sessions of our residential colleges offer the greatest, and least explored, possibilities for the educational stimulation of women of dwindling family responsibilities who are trying to find themselves. Even at present an occasional middle-aged married woman turns up in the July registration lines. Usually she is mistaken for a schoolteacher, and no one pays much attention to her or realizes that she may be the advance guard of a vast army. Getting away from home for a few weeks into a novel and provocative environment gives her a chance to rethink her activities. Often she finds that she misses her husband more than she expected to. She may need wise and experienced counseling far more than the average undergraduate girl does, but it has not yet occurred to anyone to prepare to provide it. In any case she can hardly fail to return to her home refreshed in mind, seeing both her duties and her opportunities with new eyes, and with a higher valuation of herself as a person.

That our colleges have neglected the mature woman and her needs is not astonishing in view of the fact that they have neglected all women, as women. The unchallenged assumption that the educated person is both male and celibate can be explained historically, but is indefensible in the world as we know it. Gradually, haltingly, and often unconsciously, we in America have been fumbling our way toward a type of higher education which is related to the comparative unpredictability of the life pattern of women, which lends prestige to the family, and which gives free scope to the development of the infinitely varied interests and capacities of individual women not merely when they coincide with those of men but also when they diverge from the masculine tradition.

But the pace is much too slow. It will not be greatly hastened until the leaders among American women engage in a new feminist crusade to free women from subservience to masculine value judgments and above all to the worship of cultural creativity, a crusade more difficult than that of the old feminism which fought for, and largely won, equality for women with men in legal, political, and social status. Only out of such a spiritual revolution, only out of a feminism which will affirm rather than repudiate femininity, can there come a collegiate education which will do for our young women what higher education has long done for young men — that is, one which will build feminine self-respect until at last American women shall be as glad to be women as men are glad to be men.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



Born on Long Island in 1917, and educated at Groton, Yale, and University of Virginia Law School, LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS now enjoys the disciplines of two professions, law and fiction. He is an associate of Sullivan & Cromwell, and his week-ends he devotes to his writing. His first novel, The Indifferent Children, was published in 1947 under a pseudonym. This story, which was begun in our December issue, is the first of a group of his short stories which the Atlantic looks forward to publishing.

MAUD

by LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

5

HALSTED'S courtship occurred during the winter of the first year of the war in Europe. It was the period of the "phony war," which, however much it may have bothered Halsted, was of little concern to Maud. For her the fall of France had as its immediate consequence the precipitous return of her father's sister, Lila Lane, from Paris. Aunt Lila took up her residence, as was to be expected, with her brother, and family meals came to be held in respectful silence while she expounded in her own graphic fashion on her hasty departure from Paris, the forced abandonment of her Renault in a roadside ditch, and her successful arrival, half-starved but with all her diamonds, in an unfamiliar and unfriendly Madrid.

It was not an easy time for her unenthusiastic sister-in-law. Mrs. Spreddon was hardly able, in the untroubled safety of her New York home, to debunk these experiences, simply because they had happened to Lila. She was obliged to give lip service to the family idea that Lila for once in her life had come up against the fundamentals, things that in the Spreddon mind loomed as vast round bollards on the long dock of a routine existence. Maud's mother could only bide her time, provoking as it might be, and stop for a bit to listen to Lila's tales.

Maud, as might have been expected, did not think as her mother did. Feeling as she had always felt about the restricted atmosphere of her family life, she thought of this aunt in Paris, with perfect clothes and no children, as the desired antithesis of the boisterous and the vulgar. The vision of Lila's garden and the marble fountain surrounded by the

bit of lawn, so closely cut and brightly green, which Maud had seen as a child from the grilled balcony of the exquisite house on the Rue de Varenne had always lingered in her mind as the essence of everything that was cool and formal and wonderfully independent. It was no wonder that she hovered expectantly before the exotic gateway of her aunt's existence. And Lila, in her turn, appreciating this silent devotion, particularly from a Spreddon, and having always regarded Maud's troubles as the result of a life spent in the limelight of her sister-in-law's exuberant wealth and bad taste, turned as much of her attention as she could spare from hats to Maud and her singular love life. There were long morning conferences in Lila's littered room over a very little toast and a great deal of coffee.

She had, of course, insisted on meeting Halsted; they lunched, the three of them, one Saturday noon at a small French midtown restaurant, and, as poor Maud could clearly see, it had not gone well. Lila had spent the meal telling Halsted the well-known story, already published in a women's magazine, of her arduous escape from the Germans. Halsted, taciturn and obviously unimpressed, had said almost nothing. But it was later, when Maud was having tea and an early cocktail alone with her aunt, that the important conversation occurred.

"I hope you like him, Aunt Lila," Maud said timidly. "Mother and Daddy do, but, of course, they would. He's a wonderful lawyer. But you've lived abroad and know about people."

Lila Lane inserted a cigarette in her holder and surveyed her niece's almost expressionless face. She prided herself on being the one member of the

family who had a kindred sense of the deep antipathies that had gone into Maud's make-up, and she saw her niece's solution along the lines of her own life. "I certainly like him, my dear," she said in a definite tone. "He's obviously a very fine and a very intelligent man. In fact, I shouldn't be surprised if I'm not a little afraid of him. He's *un peu farouche*, if you see what I mean. But attractive. Undeniably."

"Oh, he is, isn't he?"

Lila hesitated a moment before trying a stroke of sophistication. To clear the air. "All in all, my dear," she said with a smile, "an excellent first marriage."

"Oh, Aunt Lila!" Maud's eyes were filled with protest. "What do you mean?"

Her aunt reached over and patted her hand. "Now there, dear, don't get excited. You must let the old Paris aunt have her little joke. You see, Maud, as you say, I've lived abroad. A long time. I've been used to people who are, well — to say the least — stimulating. Your young man, who isn't, by the way, so frightfully young, is more of your father's world. Of course it was my father's world, too. But it's certainly a world that I myself could never be happy in. And I hope you'll forgive me for saying so, my dear, but I have my doubts if you ever could, either. It's a dull world, Maud."

"But I'm dull, Aunt Lila!" Maud protested. "I'm a thousand times duller than Halsted!"

Her aunt looked suddenly stern. "Don't let me ever hear you say that again!" she exclaimed. She got up and took Maud to the mirror over the mantel. "Take a good look at yourself! Your skin. Those eyes. They're good, my dear. Very good." She took Maud's long hair and arranged it in a sort of pompadour over her forehead. "You haven't tried, Maud. That's all. You could be beautiful."

Maud stared at her reflection with momentary fascination, and then turned abruptly away. She shrugged her shoulders. "I'd still be dull."

"Beautiful women are never dull," Lila said, sitting down again at the tea table. "But now I'm sounding like a rather bad Oscar Wilde. Tell me, my dear. In all seriousness. Are you in love with this wonderful lawyer?"

Maud's face was filled with dismay as she stared down at the floor. Neither her mother nor Halsted had presumed to ask her such a question, but there was no escaping it. Now she had to hear it from the lips of Aunt Lila, who spoke, she felt, with an authority that could not be resented. Whatever love may have been to the Spreddons — and Maud, when she thought of it, had a sense of something thick and stifling like a blanket — to Aunt Lila it was a free and glorious emotion that knew not restraint and graced those whom it touched. She was not sure that Aunt Lila had been one so graced, but she had infinite faith in her aunt's ability to

observe. Venus had risen, so to speak, on a shell from the sea and was awaiting her answer.

"I really can't say that I am," she answered at last in a low voice. "The way you use the word, anyway."

"The way *I* use the word, Maud! But there's only one way to use it. Either you are or you aren't."

"Oh, Aunt Lila." Maud's eyes filled with tears.

"Listen to me, Maud." Lila had moved over to the sofa and put her arm around her niece. "You know that I love you dearly. Do you think I'd have asked you such an impertinent question if I hadn't been sure that the answer was no?"

Maud shook her head. "Everyone knows about me," she said despairingly. "What should I do?"

"Do?" Lila queried. "You don't have to *do* anything at all. You certainly don't have to marry Halsted because you're *not* in love with him. Maud, darling, if you only knew how I understood! You think you're always going to be bottled up like a clam and that this is the way to make the best of it. But it's not. You're just beginning to stick your head out and peer around. It's absurd to be snapped up by the first one of your father's partners who comes along! Before you've even had a chance to take your bearings!"

But if Maud accepted her aunt as an expert in love, it did not mean that she accepted her as a judge of her own character. She had no interest in her own future, but a very deep interest in her duty to Halsted. Getting up, she went to her room. She sat there by herself for an hour. Then, for the first time in her life, she went to her mother for advice. Mrs. Spreddon was sitting at her dressing table, getting ready for dinner.

"Mother, I'm going to break my engagement to Halsted," she said abruptly.

Mrs. Spreddon eyed her closely in the glass as she fastened a pearl bracelet on her wrist. "May I ask why?"

"I'm not in love with him."

Mrs. Spreddon was silent for a moment. Then she nodded. "Let me ask you one thing," she said. "Have you been talking to your aunt?"

"I have. But it's not her fault. She said nothing I didn't know already."

"I see."

There was a pause. Then poor Maud blurted forth her appeal. "Mother, what should I do?"

Mrs. Spreddon stood up, very slowly, and turned around. She faced her daughter with dignity, but her voice was trembling. "I'm sorry, Maud," she said. "I'd give anything in the world to be able to help you. You know how your father and I love Halsted. We think he'd be the perfect husband. But this is your life, my dear. Not mine. If we'd had more of a relationship, you and I, we might have been able to work this thing out. God knows I've tried. But parents can take only so much,

Maud, and then they're through. You've always wanted to work things out your own way. I'm afraid that now it's too late for me to butt in."

For a long moment they looked at each other, almost in surprise and a little in fear at the sudden reclarification of the gulf between them.

6

IT WAS dark and cool inside the little restaurant where she was to meet Halsted for lunch. When her eyes were adjusted to it, she saw him sitting at the bar talking to the bartender. She went up and sat on the stool beside him, and he smiled and ordered her a drink. Then she told him, straight away. She did it very clearly and rather coldly; she was sure as she looked into his large hurt eyes that she had been convincing.

"But Maud," he protested in a tone almost of exasperation, "we've been through all this before! You know I don't expect anything of you. We can leave that to the future."

"I don't trust the future," she said. "I want to know more about it first."

"Maud, have you gone crazy?"

"It may well be."

There was a pause.

"How can you talk that way, Maud?" he asked suddenly. "How can you be such a smug little — ? Good God! Maud, have you really never given a damn about me? Even one little damn?"

She looked at him steadily. From way back in her past she felt the stirrings of that almost irresistible tide of surrender, the tide that she had dammed so desperately and so decisively on that long ago Christmas Eve. But once again she was the mistress of her fate. "Not in that way, Halsted," she said.

He turned to his unfinished cocktail. "Well, I'll be damned," he said, almost to himself. "I'll be damned."

"You believe me, Halsted, don't you?"

He turned back to her. "I guess I'll have to, Maud," he said. "Maybe I had you doped out all wrong." He shrugged his shoulders. "Lawyers can be persistent," he continued, "but even they know when the game's really up. You'd better go home, Maud. I'll get you a taxi."

He got up and left her, and she knew, as she stared at her reflection in the mirror across the bar, that she was at last doing penance for what she had done that Christmas Eve.

Halsted disappeared from her life as suddenly as he had come into it. Shortly after the fateful meeting, he came into Mr. Spreddon's office, sat down, and putting one leg as usual over the arm of the chair, asked, "Got another litigator around here, Bill? You'll be needing one."

"Oh, Halsted. You too?"

"Me too. I've decided to take that War Depart-

ment job, after all. Maybe after I've been around there a few months they'll give me a commission. Just to get rid of me."

"Can't you get a commission now?"

"Eyes."

Mr. Spreddon looked broodingly at the photograph of his daughter which stood on his desk between him and Halsted. His heart was heavy. "You must do what you think best, of course," he said sadly. "We'll make out. I'm not trying to hide the fact that it'll be difficult. You know how we stand. This is your firm, Halsted."

Halsted's face clouded with embarrassment. "Cut it out, will you, Bill!" he protested. "You're the whole business around here, and that's the way it should be."

Mr. Spreddon shook his head. "Just a name, my boy. But I won't embarrass you. There's only one thing I'd like to know. Your going to Washington isn't because of Maud, is it?"

Halsted stood up and sauntered around the big office. "Like everyone else," he said in a rather rough tone, while his back was turned to Mr. Spreddon, "I have my own feelings about this war. And they happen to have nothing under the sun to do with your daughter."

"I'm sorry," Mr. Spreddon said meekly. "I shouldn't have mentioned it. But you know how I feel about that. It was the hope of my life."

Halsted shrugged his shoulders and left the room.

Mrs. Spreddon said nothing to Maud when the engagement was broken. She gave her a kiss and offered to send her on a trip. She was seething, however, against her sister-in-law, who, she felt, had betrayed her hospitality. She determined to break openly with her and debated for two days how most cuttingly to accomplish it. Then she went, without consulting her husband, to her sister-in-law's room.

"I hope, Lila," she said in a voice that trembled slightly, "that it gives you some satisfaction to reflect that in all probability you've ruined whatever slight chances Maud may have had for a normal and happy life."

Lila flushed deeply. "I wouldn't expect you to understand, Mary," she answered in a hurt but lofty tone. "All I can say is that anything I may have said to Maud was with her best interests at heart. We differ too fundamentally to make explanations worth while. Under the circumstances I think it would be best if I moved to the Pierre."

"Under the circumstances, I must agree with you."

And so it ended. Halsted wrote Maud from time to time, amusing, impersonal letters, but he never called at the Spreddons' when he came to New York. Then we entered the war, and he got his commission and was one of the first to be sent overseas. Lila tried to cheer Maud up by giving a cocktail party for her at her hotel, but Maud would not even go.

Despite what her aunt had said about beautiful women, she still knew that she was dull.

7

MAUD joined the Red Cross shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor. She worked for two years in New York, after which she was sent to Southampton, England. She worked hard and well, serving coffee to literally thousands of young men. When she looked back over her time in uniform she pictured a sea of faces, young and healthy faces; it seemed to her as if there would never be an end to the pressure of youth and vigor and courage upon the barred doors of her heart. But she never yielded, never opened — and anyway, she sometimes wondered, did it matter? They kept passing her tumultuously, and if she had opened the door, just the tiniest crack, and peered out for a glimpse of the surging throng, would anyone have stopped to look or listen, to reach out a hand to her and cry: "Maud, come on! Can't you see us? We're on our way!"

If Maud, however, was uncompromising in her attitude towards the future, she was learning, nonetheless, a new latitude in the examination of her past. She was perfectly willing, even eager, to entertain the possibility that she had, after all, been in love with Halsted from the beginning and still was, but she was afraid to fall into the oversimplifications of wishful thinking. She still had no referent by which to judge love, and though she realized from time to time that she might be losing herself in the forests of introspection, she was capable, in spite of her doubts, of a fierce single-mindedness. There could be no question of other men. If Halsted had been dead she would still have felt an obligation to resolve the incomprehensible problem of her own determination.

Halsted, however, was far from dead. He was in London, and she actually had his address, though she dared not go to see him. She had not even let him know that she was in England. Their correspondence, in fact, had entirely ceased. Now she could see dimly that life might be offering her that rarest of all things, a second and final chance, and she hardly dared face the fact that, in her usual fashion, she was going to let it pass.

Her brother Sammy's destroyer had put in to Southampton at this time, and she was seeing a good deal of him. They had had little enough to say to each other before the war, but now that they were both three thousand miles from their family, they met in the evening in pubs and exchanged confidences with some of the excitement that is shared by new and congenial friends. They drank gin when they could get it and ale when they couldn't, and discussed their parents and themselves with detachment and impartiality. Sammy and his wife were not getting on, and this lent to his con-

versation the flavor of a superior disillusionment.

"The trouble with you, Maud," he told her one night, "is that you take everything too seriously. You're always analyzing your own emotions. Hell. The thing to do is to grab fun where you can get it. You ought to write Halsted and tell him you're crazy about him."

She looked skeptically at his blond, undoubting face. "But do you really think I am?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I think you want to be," he said. "Which is just as good."

"But is that honest, Sammy?"

He laughed. "Do you want to be an old maid, Maud?" he demanded. "A sour, bitter old maid?"

She shook her head. "Not particularly," she answered.

"Well?"

"But I am what I am, aren't I, Sammy?"

"Sure. And you will be what you will be."

He was essentially indifferent, of course, but it was only the indifference of one adult for another. It filled her nonetheless with a bleak loneliness.

"I'm an idiot, Sammy," she said abruptly. "And I'm an idiot to think anyone cares whether or not I'm an idiot. I'll go to London. I'll be like the rest of you."

"That's better, Maud. Much better."

8

WHEN she got her next leave she actually did go to London. She left her bag at the Red Cross on Grosvenor Square and walked down the street to Army Headquarters. It was some time before she found Halsted's office, and then she was unable to send a message to him because he was in conference. She waited in the main hall for an hour and a half.

"He may not even come out for lunch," the sergeant told her.

"I'll wait," she said, and he smiled.

When Halsted, now a lieutenant colonel, looking thinner and serious, walked through the hall he was with several other officers, and there was a pre-occupation about their quick stride that made her suddenly feel small and unwanted. She was shrinking back in her chair when he spotted her and stopped.

"Maud!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Well, I'll be damned!"

He went up to her, holding out both arms, and there was a funny little smile on his face.

"I just dropped in to see you," she stammered.

"Been waiting long?"

"Oh, no."

"Like to go out on the town tonight?" he asked.

"For auld lang syne?" He looked at his watch.

"I guess I can make it."

She nodded eagerly.

"You're at the Red Cross?" he said. "I'll pick you up at ten."

And he was gone. During the rest of the afternoon, as she wandered through the great and empty rooms of the Victoria and Albert Museum, she speculated in vain on the significance of his smile. He did not pick her up that night until long after ten, for he was again in conference. They drove in his jeep to an officers' club which had formerly been a private house, and a rather elaborate one, and sat at a table in a corner of the large Tudor front hall near the stairway, under which a bar had been installed. Halsted did not seem at all nervous, as she was, but he looked tired and older. He talked about the general aspects of the war in a rather learned way and drank a good deal, but she was too excited to take in a word that he said. He was speculating on the possibilities of a revolution within Germany when she interrupted him.

"Halsted, aren't you going to ask about *me*? And the family? I'm dying to tell. And to hear all about you. But not about the war. Please."

He smiled, just a bit wearily. "How have you been, my dear?" he asked.

"Well, not so terribly well," she began nervously. "But better now. Oh, much better, Halsted. I'm not the fool I was."

It was perfectly evident that he had caught the full import of her words, for he frowned and looked away from her. "When you say you're not the fool you were, Maud," he said in a distant, even a superior tone, "does it by any chance mean that you've changed your mind about me?"

She felt the chill in his voice and hesitated. She held her breath for a moment. "Yes," she said.

He turned and looked at her fixedly, but she could not read the expression in his eyes. "Then as far as you're concerned," he said, "it's on again?"

"Oh, no, Halsted," she said hastily. "Of course not! What do you take me for? It's not 'on' again. I have no claim on you. I've had my chance. Making a mess of things hardly entitles me to another."

"Oh, 'entitles.'" He shrugged his shoulders, almost in irritation as he repeated her word. "When women say they're not 'entitled' to something, what they usually mean is that any man who's not an utter heel would make sure that they get it."

The tears started to Maud's eyes. It was the tone that he had sometimes used in court, or to people whom he thought little of, like Lila, or to the world. Never to her.

"Halsted," she protested in a low voice. "That's not fair."

He looked down into his glass. "Maybe not."

"And it's not like you to be unfair," she continued. "It isn't as if I were expecting you to fall all over me. I know it would be a miracle if you had any feeling left."

He looked even more sullen at this. "But you still feel sorry for yourself," he retorted.

Maud put her napkin on the table and reached

for her cigarettes. "Good night, Colonel," she said crisply. "There's nothing like auld lang syne, is there?"

"Nothing."

She got up. "You needn't worry about taking me back," she said. "I can find my way."

"Oh, sit down," he said roughly, but in a more human tone. "We've got a whole bottle of whiskey here. I don't suppose you expect me to get through it alone?"

"I'm sure," she said with dignity, "that I don't care how you get through it. There must be plenty of other officers with desk jobs in London who can help you out."

He caught her by the arm and pulled her back into her chair. "Desk jobs, hell," he muttered and poured her a drink. "Now drink that and shut up. I wish to hell I did have a desk job. Would you like to know where I was last week?"

"We're warned," she said, "not to encourage officers who drink too much and start revealing military information."

He finished his drink in a gulp and leaned his head on his hands. "Oh, Christ, Maud," he said.

She said nothing.

"I don't know why you had to come back," he continued. "The same prim little girl. Just a bit older, that's all. I'd gotten over you, you know. I mean it, God damn it. And I was enjoying my melancholy. I liked feeling a hero and thinking of the little girl back home who didn't give a rap about me, and wouldn't she be sorry now? Oh, I could spit." He reached again for the bottle and poured himself another drink. "Now I don't know what I feel. I wish like hell, Maud, that I could say it's all the way it was, but I'm damned if I know."

She believed him, believed him absolutely, but there was no humiliation or pain in it. For her the long uncertainty had ended. In her excitement his doubts seemed almost irrelevant.

"You needn't worry about it, Halsted," she said. "It seems so fair."

He looked at her suspiciously. "Fair?" he repeated. "You must be an icebox, Maud. How else could you talk that way?"

"It's just that I don't know how to talk," she said humbly. "You know that."

He smiled at her. "Oh, you can talk, Maud."

"You can make your life very difficult by being complicated," she went on. "I ought to know something about that. You can think you ought to be feeling all sorts of things that you don't. The people around you don't help. I've been through that. I was a fool."

He stared hard at her for a moment, but as if he were concentrating on something else. He opened his mouth as if he were about to say something and then closed it.

"Maud," he said finally, looking down again at

the table, "would you marry me? If I were to ask you again?"

She nodded gravely. "I would."

"After all I've said?"

"After all you've said."

There was a pause, an interminable pause. Then he suddenly smiled and put his hand on hers. "Well, nobody would be able to say," he said, "that we were rushing into this thing without having given it thought. And yet, somehow, I feel that's just what we would be doing."

She took out her handkerchief at last and wiped her eyes. "We've tried waiting," she pointed out. "And that didn't work."

He laughed.

"Well, I'm game," he said. "I'm always taking chances with my future in these days. I might as well take a fling with my past." He put his hand suddenly around her shoulder. "Poor little Maud," he said, smiling. "Poor helpless little Maud. This is only the second time you've trapped your victim. But don't worry. You won't be able to get out of it this time."

"The only thing I'm worrying about," she observed, with an eye on the diminished bottle, "is getting you back to your quarters sober."

"I see you're starting right," he agreed more cheerfully. "Well, I asked for it. Or did I?"

How it would have worked out they were never to know, for Halsted was killed two days later when his reconnaissance plane was shot down over Cherbourg. They had met only once in the interval, at lunch, for Halsted had been in conference or flying day and night in preparation for the great invasion of France that took place only a week after his death. Into the blackness of Maud's heart there is no need to penetrate. It was fortunate for her that her work increased in intensity during those days.

A few weeks later her club mobile unit crossed to France, where it operated just below the front. A friend of Halsted's sent her a note that he had placed in an envelope marked "Maud Spreddon, Red Cross" just before he had taken off on his last flight. It was simply a line: "Maud, dearest, never forget. You're all right, and you're going to be all right. With me or without me." She had folded the note and placed it in a locket which she wore around her neck and which she never afterwards reopened. She did not tell her parents or even Sammy that she had seen Halsted again before his death, or what had passed between them. Such a tale would have made her a worthy object of the pity that she had so despised herself for seeking. It was her sorrow, and Halsted would have admired her for facing it alone.



THE YEARS OF BLOOD

by THEODORE MORRISON

"THE best things and the worst things that were done,"
 So said the years of blood, "while one by one
 We turned our numbered leaves, were done in war.
 Think not too badly of us on that score
 Where in the file of time we lie dismissed.
 Good never lacks its great antagonist.
 Neither will fail the endless rendezvous.
 In peace or war each has its work to do."

Handout

"The nation is encouraging irresponsibility by a social security program weighted in favor of the spendthrift," says AGNES E. MEYER, wife of the Chairman of the Board of the Washington Post. Mrs. Meyer drove this home at a meeting of the American Public Welfare Association in Atlantic City last fall. This article is part of a nation-wide survey she is making of problems in education, health, welfare, and community reorganization, for an Atlantic Monthly Press book.

EVERYBODY ON RELIEF?

by AGNES E. MEYER

I

A SOUND and comprehensive system of social insurance — in other words, earned security — is an intrinsic part of a positive approach to the nation's welfare. Nobody can deny that a broad and just distribution of social insurance is necessary today as a bulwark against the unavoidable hazards of modern industrial society. Rightly used, social insurance can act as a flywheel for the nation's economic and social stability.

The foundation of the social security system is contributory social insurance with benefits related to prior earnings and awarded upon retirement without a means test. Under existing law and contemplated amendments which have been passed by the House of Representatives, the employee contributes a specified percentage of his wages and his employer adds an equal amount. Under such a system the individual earns a right to benefits that are related to his contribution to production.

Under the old-age assistance program, payments are furnished aged persons who are certified as being in need and who meet the other eligibility requirements established by the respective states. The role of the Federal government is limited to financial participation in the costs of assistance and administration, the setting of minimum standards for the operation of the programs by the states, and the furnishing of technical advice on the problems of administration.

Our goal in the United States is to prevent dependency through social insurance and thus greatly reduce the need for government assistance. Unfortunately, this goal has not been reached because the distribution of social security is not yet comprehensive, just, or economically sound. In the meantime, the race between Federal old-age assistance and old-age insurance is endangering the future of our social security program.

When the Social Security Act was set up, the Committee on Economic Security emphasized that a contributory system of old-age annuities would build up a more adequate old-age protection than could be achieved with noncontributory pensions

based on a means test. The role of old-age assistance, or relief based upon need, was to become secondary. It was predicted that insurance benefits would make supplementary assistance payments necessary only for the few beneficiaries who might have extraordinary needs.

Contrary to these predictions, however, the old-age assistance case load and expenditures continued to increase. The lack of coverage for large numbers of workers under old-age insurance and the low level of benefits made these increases in old-age assistance almost inevitable. By 1942 old-age assistance costs had risen to more than 600 million dollars a year, compared with 415 million in 1939. In the same period, the case load rose sharply — from 1.75 million to 2.25 million recipients. Except for small declines in the number of recipients during the later war years, the case load has continued to increase as the number of aged persons in the population has risen, and the states and Federal government have liberalized the program. The case load now exceeds 2.6 million persons and the costs have swollen to the extent that Federal and state expenditures in the past fiscal year totaled 1.3 billion dollars, or approximately three times the 1939 expenditures.

What has occurred in the insurance program during the same period? Although benefits have been paid to an increasing number of persons each year, still old-age and survivor insurance beneficiaries, aged 65 and over, now number only 1.8 million. The average benefit to retired workers is \$26 per month, contrasted with an average old-age assistance payment of \$44. Supplementation of inadequate old-age insurance benefits by old-age assistance is becoming more prevalent.

No other result is possible than to have old-age assistance be the major program when the current maximum insurance benefit payable to a retired worker is \$45.20 per month. This amount is payable only to the select few who have just retired and who have earned wages of at least \$250 per month since 1936 — wages on which payroll taxes have

been paid by the worker and his employer. The maximum insurance benefit payable to the aged wife of such a worker is \$22.60 per month, or a total of \$67.80 for both. Compare these maximum payments, which are an earned right related to contributions paid, with the old-age assistance payments in some of our Western states, where \$150 per month is the basic amount allowed a husband and wife without income or resources.

Part of the present assistance load is due to the fact that many people were too old to benefit by the insurance provisions. But when we look to the future we must ask, What incentive will there be for workers to pay insurance premiums year after year, when the resultant insurance benefits will be much less than what is paid to those on assistance? The nation is encouraging irresponsibility by a program weighted in favor of the spendthrift.

But there is a greater danger in the expansion of the assistance program than the stifling of incentive to provide for security in old age. The political dangers inherent in the program are its most threatening aspect. The wide differences that exist among the states as to the proportion of the aged on the assistance rolls, as well as the variations in the amounts they receive, illustrate the unsoundness of the whole situation. In New York and New Jersey, where the laws on family responsibility and on the definition of need are stringent, less than 10 per cent of the aged are on assistance. But in Louisiana various factors have made it possible to put 81 per cent of those over 65 on the assistance rolls; and several other states have 50 per cent of the aged population on this relief program. In the states where abnormally high numbers exist, and in those where \$150 is the basic amount, the "welfare state" that is such a bugaboo to many people is not coming; it has arrived.

2

WHAT has happened to push old-age insurance into the background? The impact of the war resulted in higher living costs for the recipients of assistance as for other people. State revenues increased sharply, but they could not be spent for capital improvements because of the need for manpower and materials in the all-out war effort. Some of the excess funds were made available to raise assistance payments in an effort to keep pace with the rising living costs. Then in 1946 and again in 1948 the Federal share of old-age assistance payments was increased by the Congress, so that now the Federal government will provide \$30 a month if a state pays a recipient \$20 from its own funds. Although these two actions by the Congress increased the maximum Federal share of a monthly assistance payment from \$20 to \$30, nothing was done for the beneficiaries on the insurance rolls. The old-age and survivors insurance program has

been permitted to drift for more than ten years with benefits payable under a formula designed to meet pre-war conditions.

"Well, why not?" is the rejoinder. "Isn't old-age assistance just as much of a right as old-age insurance?"

Let us consider the political, civic, and moral implications of these two very different rights.

Since the Federal government now pays 75 per cent of the first \$20 of assistance, if the state keeps its average at \$20 the Federal government provides \$15 and the state \$5. Hence the temptation may become irresistible to increase the number of recipients at the basic rate regardless of need. The divided responsibility between the Federal government and the states for this relief type of program lends itself to manipulation by state politicians, who have influenced the Federal government to carry an ever increasing share of the costs. The financial burden upon the Federal government could therefore easily become so great that the proper development of old-age insurance would be impeded or even prevented. Because old people have votes and children have none, the state legislatures have often been tempted to pass generous bills for old-age assistance and save on appropriations for dependent children. In addition to these unfortunate results, old-age pressure groups are already raising their pension demands to exorbitant amounts in some states.

There was in 1900 one person over 65 to thirteen of productive age. Today there are only eight persons of productive age to support one old-age pensioner. Forecasts indicate that by 1975 there will be but five workers to maintain one old person. If we exclude from those of productive age the substantial number of persons who are not producing goods and services, it seems not unlikely that before the end of this century the worker of that day will have to support twice as many old people as the worker of today. Therefore the trend toward exorbitant old-age pensions, unless checked, will place an impossible burden on the nation's working population.

Quite apart from the economic implications, if the states should make a racket of old-age assistance, the resulting moral and civic conditions would be profoundly detrimental to the future of our country. The politicians who use the increase of old-age assistance as political bait debauch themselves and the electorate, while neglecting the care of children and youth.

Furthermore, a means test program is inferior to an insurance program from the standpoint of the recipient. As Robert M. Ball, staff director of the Advisory Council on Social Security, has pointed out, the right to assistance which is based on the negative fact of being in need cannot be considered an *earned* right. People cannot be expected to look on assistance as a reward, as something to be proud

of, no matter how completely they come to accept the idea of having a right to it.

In assistance the community is divided. Only the "poor" receive the benefits. The others pay for it. The recipient's only right is the right to apply, and then some other fallible being passes judgment on the application. In insurance, to quote Mr. Ball, "it is not one part of the community caring for another but the community meeting a universal need. Everyone has a stake in his earned pension and insurance benefits."

If we are to preserve the incentive system and its stimulating influence on the American character, the policies on which we organize social security are all-important. As an earned right, social insurance — unlike public assistance — is an integral part of the economic incentive system. In social insurance the incentive to earn and save throughout one's working life is protected because any additional income, large or small, may be used to provide a higher standard of living. On the other hand, a private income from savings, since it must be deducted from the payment, makes no difference in the total income of the assistance recipient.

There is no doubt that from the standpoint of freedom, the democratic values, and economic stability, social insurance must be given preference over public assistance. It is of the utmost importance that through an extension of coverage and an increase in social insurance benefits, it be made clear that public assistance is not a rival of the insurance method, but a supplement to it, performing the residual task that will always exist for a last-resort program that takes responsibility for meeting total need.

The Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives has recognized that old-age and survivors insurance is threatened not only by public assistance but also by special pension plans for special groups. I can give no better statement of my whole argument than the following paragraphs from the Committee Report on H.R. 6000, the bill extending social security benefits, which was passed by the House in October and is now under consideration in the Senate.

The Congress is faced with a vital decision which cannot long be postponed. Inadequacies in the old-age and survivors insurance program have resulted in trends which seriously threaten our economic well-being. The assistance program, instead of being reduced to a secondary position as was anticipated, still cares for a much larger number of people than the insurance program. Furthermore, the average payments under assistance have more than doubled in amount since 1939 while benefits under insurance have scarcely risen at all. There are indications that if the insurance program is not strengthened and expanded, the old-age assistance program may develop into a very costly and ill-advised system of noncontributory pensions, payable not only to the needy but to all individuals at or above retirement

age who are no longer employed. Moreover, there are increasing pressures for special pensions for particular groups and particular hazards. Without an adequate and universally applicable basic social insurance system, the demands for security by segments of the population threaten to result in unbalanced, overlapping, and competing programs. The financing of such plans may become chaotic, their economic effects dangerous. There is a pressing need to strengthen the basic system at once before it is undermined by these forces. Once the basic system is firmly established any remaining special needs of particular groups can be assessed and met in an orderly fashion.

Unfortunately the bill does not carry out in its provisions what this statement implies. Coverage is extended; but no program is "universal" when it still excludes 14 million workers. Federal old-age insurance benefits are increased but old-age assistance is also augmented. With the stringent provisions the bill contains for the insurance of older workers, H.R. 6000 encourages rather than restricts the development of the assistance program. It carries out the philosophy of the Federal Security Agency that old-age assistance is a right on a par with old-age insurance.

3

THE primary goal of a social security program that is really secure and protects the dignity of the American worker *must* be to reduce the need for assistance to a minimum. What are the requisites for such a goal?

1. Universal coverage of all workers whether employed or self-employed.
2. Average benefits to provide a floor high enough to keep the aged from becoming objects of charity.
3. Reading into the Federal insurance system many of the people now over 65 as a transitional measure so that the insurance system will function effectively at once.
4. Return of public old-age assistance to the states as quickly as possible.

Only universal coverage of all workers under the social security program can be considered just. A strong case can be made for this on the theory that everybody should pay for social security and therefore everybody should enjoy the benefits.

The average old-age pension must be liberal enough so that public opinion will put an end to exorbitant union demands as unfair to the preponderant number of unorganized workers. This figure, moreover, should be subject to review from time to time, to determine whether it is keeping pace with the cost of living. If our industrial leaders think that sounds costly, let them remember that a sound, adequate, and comprehensive Federal social security system would stimulate production, cut down labor disputes and strikes, and give every

American a stake in the maintenance of a sound economy.

The organized pressure of the aged is already becoming ominous in California and Colorado. If the same old people's lobbies spring up in our Eastern and Middle Western states, providing for the old folks will become a ghoulish nightmare that saps the vitality of the younger population.

There is but one way to prevent this tragic development: take most of the burden off the states by reading as many as possible of those over 65 years of age into the Federal insurance system, and then return old-age assistance to the states.

I realize that both processes must go hand in hand. The matter of timing is important. The states should be allowed to adjust their programs and financing so that there would be no great damage to the basic concept of a flexible supplementary assistance program as a result of sudden Federal withdrawal. Only after an agreed period would Federal funds for assistance be reduced or eliminated. But the mere knowledge that old-age assistance was to be returned to the states would put a curb on the present trend toward its abuse. Moreover, any provisions for reading the present population over 65 into the insurance plan would have to be made in such a way as not to break down the principles on which the present system is based. A certain leeway, however, would be permissible because such provisions would be transitional measures that would not be perpetuated.

The government now realizes that the insurance of older people will be inadequate. It already gives recognition to their previous service to some extent by granting them relatively more in benefits than those entering the insurance system at younger ages. The same principle can be applied to those now over 65. Many private employers who have set up their own systems have established this as the only practical course to pursue.

In social insurance there are alternative methods of applying this principle. Perhaps the simplest way of doing it would be to say that everybody, both husband and wife, over 70 will get the minimum amount of \$25 provided in H.R. 6000. While \$50 for an aged couple may not be a subsistence level, in many cases old parents with this amount at their disposal would become an asset to a family.

Why do I select 70 years and leave the entire burden of those now between 65 and 70 to the states? About 30 per cent of the 11 million people now over 65 are self-supporting, and presumably most of them are in the 65 to 70 age group. Thus the responsibility toward this group will not be as heavy as might first appear. As for the cost, the Federal government will save 800 million dollars a year which it now contributes toward old-age assistance.

By suggesting that those people now over 70 be read into the Federal insurance system, I am throw-

ing out only one of many possible suggestions for counteracting the expansion of old-age assistance. I have also avoided the issue of how much the average old-age Federal insurance benefit should be, in order to counteract the union drives for private pensions and yet remain within practical economic limitations. Both problems demand painstaking research by actuarial and other experts in this field.

The only thing I maintain is this: If my principle is right, that old-age assistance must be returned to the states to preserve the solvency of old-age insurance, then the experts should be put to work at once to determine the best means of doing it.

For the ultimate solution of the problem, the extension of insurance coverage to all workers must be complete, so that the future load of old people will be entitled to insurance when they reach the age of retirement. That the age of retirement shall continue to be 65 is debatable. The great increase in life expectancy denotes increased vitality in the whole population.

Old-age insurance benefits should be planned on the assumption that general taxation will eventually share with employer and employee contributions the future financing of benefits. Therefore, if the national economy is to remain sound, the people must be told that Federal old-age insurance can never provide a luxurious level of income. They must be educated to realize that any threat to the solvency of the government will impair the currency, raise prices, and create the most acute and immediate suffering among the aged as well as among the unemployed, the needy, and the disabled.

Instead of indulging in hopes of an affluent old age — a delusion now only too prevalent — our people must learn that they should save for their old age more than their mere insurance contributions, and that they should remain productive as long as possible. It is already obvious that we cannot permanently afford to put every citizen over 65 on the shelf. Instead of penalizing the people over 65 who remain productive by excluding them from Federal insurance benefits or limiting the amount they can earn, it is in the interests of the national economy to provide extra insurance benefits for those who prolong their working years.

The proper use of social insurance is akin to that of drugs. In carefully measured doses it will keep the economy healthy. Used recklessly it will surely destroy the body politic. What we can afford in the future for the welfare of our people will depend upon an expanding productivity. All the more reason, therefore, to ensure that productivity not only for the protection of old age but also to give all of our children an equal opportunity for self-development and for the creation of an emotional poise and security which economic security alone cannot provide.



A daughter of that remarkable Drinker clan of Philadelphia, a family which has distinguished itself in science, music, and letters, ERNESTA DRINKER BARLOW is the sister of Catherine Drinker Bowen, of Philip Drinker, the inventor of the iron lung, and of Dr. Cecil Drinker, who has made his mark in industrial medicine. In this paper she writes of her recent and enjoyable adventures in Ireland.

DEER IN THE VELVET

by ERNESTA DRINKER BARLOW

1

TRUE, Henry was not a very intimate friend. I had only met him briefly twelve years ago. Then he had told me of his house in Ireland and said I must be sure to come and see him if I ever got over. It had taken a bit of research to find him after all these years and a war. His cordial invitation came from Rome a few weeks before my take-off for Europe. He would expect me any time in June, he wrote. A postcard was enclosed in the letter. It showed crenelated towers buried in trees above a lake. Mountains rose in fat rounded folds from the water. The card was labeled "Glenveagh Castle, Lough Veagh, Co. Donegal." I had been enchanted.

"Looks just like Maine to me," my husband said.

"It wouldn't if you were going there," I said. "It would look exactly like Ireland."

Bless that picture postcard! My memory of it was the only address I had for Henry. I stepped confidently up to the Irish clerk behind the information desk at the Shannon airport. Over his head was a huge map. "Can you show me Lough Veagh, in County Donegal?" I asked him. But Lough Veagh was evidently no Lake Superior. It took some time to locate.

"Would this be it then?" the clerk asked, pointing with a long stick to a spot far off in the north-west corner. "Wait now, till I fetch a ladder and make sure."

It was Lough Veagh right enough and it lay in a straight line up the west coast from Shannon. "How far is it?" I asked.

"Oh, it's a long way," he said with a solemn shake of the head. "A hundred and forty, or maybe fifty, miles!"

"Gracious!" I exclaimed, feeling he expected me to be impressed. "Can you go by bus?"

"You can indeed," he said. "There's plenty of buses, and now and again a train runs in the general direction."

I hastened to get into my raincoat. What fun it was going to be to follow that shoreline, as irregular as the drawing of a man's hand. Beckoning a porter, I asked the clerk when the next bus left.

"There'll be one in the morning," he told me cheerfully, "the day after tomorrow, will get you as far as Galway."

"What!" I said, shocked into dropping a hatbox and umbrella. "Nothing on either Saturday or Sunday?" The clerk assured me there was not. I could stay in Limerick, he told me, Limerick was a lovely town. It was my first lesson in the leisurely, Puritan habits of Ireland. Cotton Mather himself never spent more austere week-ends than these devout folk. The next thing to do, I decided, was to telephone Henry.

The size of the Irish telephone book would not take care of a New York suburb. Nor was the name I was looking for in it, I told the operator plaintively.

"Then you can't reach him," she said heartlessly.

I went back to the map, my restless American pulses already beginning to slow down to the unhurried Irish tempo.

"But I want to go to Donegal *today*," a voice next me protested. It was a man's voice with the familiar Irish cadence of a New York traffic cop. I turned to see what my nieces would call "a tall, dark, and handsome."

"Can you not hire a car then?" he asked, the brogue growing richer with his impatience.

"Yes," I put in my word eagerly, "on Saturday and Sunday?" It appeared to be very simple. There was a car outside would drive us anywhere in Ireland the clerk said; he seemed to take it for granted the stranger and I should travel on together. In only a matter of minutes we were rolling along the road to Limerick.

Our driver was a cheerful pink-checked lad named Michael Burke, whose passion for conversation left

him little concern for the hazards of motoring. Irishman that he was, he drove a car as if it were a horse with eyes in its head and some judgment.

Through the centuries, Irish roads have dug themselves low into the ground. On the west coast they are recklessly narrow and wind between tall hedges. In June when the hawthorn is in flower, the hedges lace the country under a net of white — "So you'd think the snow was on them," Michael said — while banks of wild fuchsia drip scarlet and purple blossoms the summer through. Farm animals have the right of way. Sheep, geese, cattle roam the roads unfettered. Horses graze loose along main highways, in town and out. All domestic beasts are important. The letters D.V.M. seem to be on more doctors' shingles than M.D.

2

I SUPPOSE you'd know I was Irish," my traveling companion said, turning his dark Celtic head to me. "I guess making me an American citizen didn't change my accent."

"Fortunately not," I answered. He told me he worked on the mail cars between Washington and New York. After four years in our army, chiefly in the Pacific, he had come back to see his old father, a schoolmaster in Donegal. Wait two days in Shannon when he got there in one night from New York! The idea was daft. Michael Burke wanted to know all about the war in the Pacific. Exhilarated at the prospect, he stepped on the accelerator to take the next blind curve. The postman gripped the door ledge.

"Can you not stay on your own side of the road now, Mike?" he begged. "Sure, you have me scared half silly. Fighting in New Guinea was nothing compared to this!"

"What if we met someone coming around a curve?" I said in tones of extreme anguish. Michael loosed the reins, figuratively speaking, screwing his head around to give us a radiant smile.

"Och," he said, "there's none out on the roads today! Or if there was itself," he added, "they'd be on the wrong side too, so let you not worry yourselves."

"Let's stop and have lunch," I suggested as the only means of prolonging our lives with any certainty for another hour.

"Immedjetly!" the postman ordered. Michael assured us we'd be coming to a place they had grand food in a wee while, a mile it was maybe, down the road. But no one, I found, has any idea of time or distance in Ireland. We drove on for miles, past freshly whitewashed cottages, their thatched roofs tucked neatly inside the eaves at either end. They are like the houses a child draws, front door in the middle, two small shutterless windows on either side, a center chimney so low it barely clears the roof-tree. But no child could

draw the blue delphiniums, the hollyhocks, the snowy lilies against the whitewashed walls, or the pink roses climbing so exultantly to meet the thatch. To secure it against wild winds on the west coast, the thatch is roped over and tied down to jutting stones just under the eaves. Town houses too are built on austere simple lines without a molding or a shutter to break the flat surface of a long block. Only front doors have the ornament of fine engaged columns and lovely leaded fanlights. Frequently a town is built around a three cornered square — Irish anomaly — the somber browns of painted plaster buildings relieved by the bright note of shop signs. Good early lettering is still used in Ireland. The names Mulligan, Cassidy, Grogan, O'Flaherty, add luster to a street when painted in black or gold on a wide band of emerald green, scarlet, or dove gray.

It is natural to expect good churches in this ancient and devout Catholic land. Strangely, there are almost none. Splendid ruined abbeys line the countryside, destroyed to the last one by that Protestant fanatic, Oliver Cromwell. Other ruins dot the landscape here and there. Buildings burned during "the trouble" they tell you — it is only as "the trouble" that Eire refers to the grim decade after 1914. Of modern times there is little evidence. Farmers' wives do without electricity and their men without the gasoline motor. Men still swing rhythmic scythes in the fields; walk, while a tiny, unhurried donkey draws a little milk cart to the creamery. Great canary-colored mounds of fresh butter, high as a man's waist, show through the open doors.

Endless miles of stone wall pattern the fields. And because they are laid only one stone thick, a fox hunter looks at them with longing, thinking how easily a horse could knock out a top stone without tripping. "He could also jump his heart out in a few miles," I said to Michael, whose knowledge of fox hunting was profound.

"Aye," that youth answered, "ther're some days you jump until you're seasick."

Occasionally an immense wall blacks out a private estate from the road. Famine walls, the postman explained, built by estate owners to give the people work during the famine. "It was the Irish and not Roosevelt first had the idea of WPA."

But if they lack other luxuries, the Irish have one thing in plenty, fuel. A fifth of the land is peat bog. All anyone need do is step out his front door and cut the peat into bricks with a narrow turf spade. Black, watery ditches crisscross the country where the turf cutters have worked. Mountain bogs are four to five feet deep, while in the lowlands the peat lies fifteen feet thick, centuries of dead heather, gorse, and broom matted into embryo coal.

"Michael," the postman said at length, "find that inn within the next minute or you'll live to regret it."

"It'll be right around the next corner now," Mr. Burke assured him with a fresh burst of speed.

Over roast beef and potatoes I asked Michael where it would be best to spend the night. We'd be getting to Sligo in the late afternoon, he said, and the hotel was good. In the meantime I felt I really must get a message to Henry to warn him that I was on my way. From Michael's road map I chose a town in the middle of County Donegal called Kilmacrenan as a likely spot towards which a wire might be beamed.

"I doubt a telegram will get anywhere now until Monday," he said. These Irish week-ends!

"No matter," I replied, "I like sending a wire to Kilmacrenan. It's such a lovely name."

Miraculously, when we reached the hotel in Sligo, the manager ran out to say there was a message come for me but a minute since. Kilmacrenan was not his address, yet Henry had got my wire and divined where his wandering guest would spend that night. I was to take the first church bus to Ballybofey in the morning, he directed, where a car would meet me and bring me on the last lap.

The postman showed professional relief to have me linked up finally to orthodox geography. We said good-bye there in Sligo. He had to push on that night and reach his own home. With deep regret I waved farewell to him and to Michael Burke after supper.

There was no hot water in the inn, no coat hangers in the cupboard, the window blinds were broken; but the bed was soft, the blankets warm against the damp because of a porcelain hot-water bottle. In any case, I was in a frame of mind to find nothing but good in Ireland. No blinds meant I could see the wild swans stand on their heads in the river under my window, the lilies and rushes which grew on the banks. What bliss it was to stretch out after that long sleepless night in the plane, a whole day sitting behind Michael Burke watching for blind curves in the rain and mist. Ireland, the air, was a soothing drug. My nerves turned limp as kelp.

3

CENTURIES later a gentle knock woke me and a boy's soft brogue whispered "Just in case you might want to get up."

Want to get up! What if I had missed the church bus? The day seemed far along. But I forgot, the sun rises at three in this latitude in June. It was only eight o'clock. I should be in time.

The bus was so crowded there was no room inside for my luggage. My things would be ruined out in the rain, I lamented.

"Them bags will be as dry on the roof as inside a stove when I have them covered up," the driver assured me. He never had any intention of cover-

ing them, but an Irishman is impelled by nature to give you the answer he thinks will make you happy.

The sea against the west coast was wild with storm. Hedges had the look of putting their backs to the wind; their foliage streamed forward like a woman's hair. Every soul in the county was on the way to Mass. Clothes were shabby and ill-fitting. Few wore the lovely durable hand-woven tweeds of the country, or the warm fringed shawls; these were old-fashioned, discarded for shoddy "store" clothes. A child skipped rope over a rosary where she waited for the bus. Everyone was friendly. Did I know Mary McClafferty? Living out on Long Island she was. I was to tell her, should I see her, her aunt from Sligo was asking after her.

At the inn where we stopped for lunch everything was scrubbed and polished to shining brightness. The host placed me at the one table in his dining room with three men and a priest. Because they were Irish their talk was naturally of politics, their target — as always — England. Although I dearly love an argument myself, this time I sat silent until the priest turned to me.

"And is it English ye are," he asked, "that ye don't join the conversation?"

"American," I said, "and I have no objection to the English King at all, nor their form of government, and I'm sorry you didn't come into the war!" If I was going to join the party I might as well go in head first.

"Will ye listen to that now!" the priest gasped. "And why should we ask for Dublin to be destroyed over our heads in one night?"

"Belfast took the chance," I said.

The priest's eyes flashed. "The English King has the power of a tyrant," he cried, "and that's a terrible danger in any land! Do ye not know the King can dissolve Parliament at will and leave the country with no government at all?"

"But he doesn't!" I said heatedly. "That's the whole point." The priest turned to the others.

"It's only a woman," he said in disgust, "would give you an argument like that. And to think," he addressed me again, "that of all the women in Ireland, it has to be you I invite to join the conversation! Here," he added with utmost cordiality, "will ye not have a drink with us?"

But Irish beer is warm, there being no iceboxes, and whiskey not to my liking, so I said no, thank you.

"Is it salmon fishing you're going?" another of the men asked. I said I was a very poor fisherman.

"They do say there's an American millionaire up near Dunlewy has the whole county bought and fenced in."

"Aye," another said shaking his head sadly, "that he has." Time was, the men all lamented in chorus, when a man could kill a couple of fine stags in Glenveagh Forest any time he liked, or fish in

Lough Veagh, but this American, now, had the most fee-rocious gillies in all Ireland and you couldn't get so much as a chance at any kind of game that was his.

"He'll be glad to hear the poaching has been reduced," I said. "I'm going to stay with him."

"There's another time she has the last word!" the priest announced without rancor. "Well, God bless you anyhow." We shook hands all around as I got up to leave them.

On the final leg of my journey I was driven by the proprietor of the hardware store at Ballybofey. He might have been seventy, strangely silent and unsmiling for an Irishman. He spoke only when spoken to, then he answered with the perfect courtesy of his countrymen. "My lady," he called me. Did he mistake me for someone else, or was this the custom in County Donegal?

We reached country that was grim, fiercely barren, without human habitation. No wonder, I thought, the Irish see leprechauns and hear banshees. Peat bogs stretched as far as the eye could see; acres of ground were spread with small clumps of cut turf. If it ever stopped raining, men would stand five or six pieces up tent-shaped to dry. Later they would pile the bricks in great oblong mounds, as symmetrical as a drawing in Euclid, to wait a farmer's need. Showing white in the black ditches, the bones of ancient forests lay uncovered. I knew it was in these mountain bogs men found today the pure gold ornaments of dead Irish kings, wide, crescent-shaped pieces and pieces like a curved dumbbell, heavy as the head of a hammer. My eye searched for a twenty-four carat gleam.

There was not a fence to restrict the black-faced sheep, nor the few cattle that sought thin grass on the treeless waste, until we came to a white lodge and a high gate. "Glenveagh Castle Demesne, Private," a sign read. The smiling caretaker ran out in the rain and opened the way to a road that was hardly more than a rough mountain path.

"How far to the castle?" I asked the driver in mounting excitement.

"A mile maybe, my lady," he said. He was wrong by three miles but he knew I hoped it was near. We reached a second high fence; "Poison Laid Down Inside Wire," a warning read.

"Goodness!" I thought, the ferocious gillies were going a bit far. But it seems the poison was for vermin, not poachers. This was the beginning of the deer forest, the driver explained; 22,000 acres inside the fence. My eyes ranged over miles of naked mountains crowned with gray rock.

"A queer sort of forest," I said, "without a single tree."

"There's never any trees in a deer forest, my lady."

"Why?"

"Sure, the animals have every leaf eaten before it's out of the ground."

One leaf alone defeats a deer, the rhododendron. As we came down the mountain the bushes grew closer and closer, solid as huge pincushions, brilliant with blossoms, clipped into wall-like hedges along the drive.

And here at last were Lough Veagh and the gray towers of the postcard! Henry had told me not to expect anything old and romantic; 1870, he said. We drove into the courtyard, I heard a gay "Hello!" and Henry ran out of the walled garden to meet me.

"Oh, just suppose," I cried, "that I had missed the rhododendrons in flower!"

"Those pests!" he said. "They grow here like ragweed. Are you frozen? Come in and get warm. How was your trip?"

He led me to my room, high in a tower, where the wind tore at the windows. "Hurry into country clothes," he said, "so I can show you about before tea. I'll be waiting in the big drawing room."

I stood looking far down the lake, saw the mountains pile up round and smooth as raised dough from the water. I watched the rain. It didn't fall drably, drearily, as at home. It waved in diaphanous curtains down the lake. It was gay, fanciful, and intermittent, not always gentle. A gust of wind came through the pass with a roar, black on the water. It lifted the top of the lake to three feet of white wave before it, tore the wave to shreds, and ended docile as a sheep.

"Rain is beautiful in Donegal," I said to the little maid who came to help unpack.

"Yes, ma'am," she answered unconvinced.

"It looks as if the sun might come out later."

"That will bring rain, surely," she told me with the voice of experience.

"You haven't come across my lipstick, have you, Annie?" I asked her.

"And what would it look like, ma'am?" Was this Ireland or Mars, I thought, where the girls didn't know what a lipstick was!

My back to the turf fire, I put on a warm woolen suit, thanked Annie, turned and tried to find my way back as I came. The big drawing room, Henry had said. That meant there were others. It all sounded so nice and feudal, far from our American ideal of a cozy little place you can manage alone. I did not care whether the house was beautiful or not. It was a castle in Ireland. My feet were noiseless on the scarlet carpet as I went down the tower stairs. There seemed to be a great variety of staircases, corridors, different levels. Rows of closed doors bore little empty slots for guests' names. Bedrooms these, of course. I was curious as Bluebeard's wife. I wanted to follow every corridor, peep into every chamber. Where on earth was the big drawing room?

Ah, here it was! Yellow damask, gray velvet, mahogany — what magic did housemaids in this country use to achieve that lacquer polish on the furniture? Henry stood by the turf fire caressing

his big, kind, woolly dog who shook the wet from his coat at my approach. Irish dogs are born with an affinity for water. The rest of us at the castle soon acquired it.

4

WE THREE went out into the fine rain; it was sweet in the mouth, soft as the Irish voices. We walked the dripping paths of the walled garden, lush with spring flowers. Everything had gone to bits, Henry explained, in the years he was away at the war; it was just beginning to come back. Over the garden wall the Pleasure Ground stretched, a long, smooth table of lawn between rare Tibetan rhododendrons. Some were sweet-smelling, with heads the size of a basketball, and immense leaves. There were bamboo, palm trees. . . . Palm trees! Here we were opposite Labrador — almost at the North Pole! How on earth?

"Gulf Stream," Henry reminded me.

"Is it true you have no telephone?" I asked him.

"What good would it do," he answered with irrefutable logic, "when no one else has one up here for me to talk to?"

We came in ravenous for tea. It is a meal to be reckoned with in Ireland, served in the dining room, about a generous round table covered with cakes and scones, jams, jellies, and honey, bread and sweet butter. No need to eat sparingly, dinner wouldn't be until eight-thirty.

"Can I see some deer?" I asked Henry. I said I did not crave to kill any; that could be left to more rugged sportsmen, but since Glenveagh was the largest deer forest in Ireland, I hoped very much to catch sight of a stag before leaving.

"We'll drive down to the glen about sundown," Henry said, "and see lots of them. They come from high ground to feed in the evening by the lake."

"Oh," I said, remembering the Leech drawings in my father's early volumes of *Punch* — drawings clearly showing hazardous climbs, the physical exhaustion of deerstalkers at the triumphant, tragic moment of the kill.

About nine-thirty that evening, it cleared. Henry and I set out in the pony cart, he in his dinner jacket, I in my best evening frock and French slippers. We had plenty of time, he said; it wouldn't be dark until after eleven. The road ran close to the lake, heavy moss threw bedquilts of green over every rock, ferns traced exquisite patterns on the dark loam of the forest floor, wild foxglove bloomed tall, and the rhododendrons were iced with pink like huge cakes.

"It's one long fight to keep from being smothered by the rhododendrons," sighed Henry.

The mountains emptied their heavy load of water over the cliffs, threw it hundreds of feet; the fat cascades took jump after jump. Springs pushed

through the moss, their water crystal-clear, topaz-tinted from the peat; the lake was a black mirror.

"I was told no one had ever found the bottom of the lake," I said, and flicked the lazy pony with my whip.

"I don't think anyone has ever looked for it," Henry replied in his practical way. "There's a stag!" he cried, pointing. The deer showed red against the mountain. Nearby was a hind with twin fawns. They stepped daintily forward, turned unhurried to look at us. Henry didn't like to shoot, he said; his first experience had cured him. He had wounded the stag and had to look for hours to find and finally kill him.

"It was terrible," he said. "But the herds have to be kept down, so I'm always searching for good shots to come during the hunting season. And you know something funny?" he went on. "You never find a pair of shed antlers in the forest. Calcium is so scarce up here that every antler is eaten up before it's hardly off a stag's head."

We reached the glen at the far end of the lake. Here where the grass grew lush and green the deer were thick as cattle at a roundup, tame as sheep.

"Now really!" I exclaimed. "What's all this nonsense about how hard it is to get close to a stag?"

"You come back here in September and you'll see it's no nonsense," Henry said. "Everyone goes on like crazy!" The whole of Glenveagh, he assured me, looked like a painting by Landseer from the moment the season opened. "And you can't get near a deer after the first gun goes off . . . you'd swear they knew."

A big fellow stepped into the clear. "See him?" Henry's voice was sharp with excitement. "An Imperial, probably!"

"What do you mean, 'Imperial'?"

"Fourteen points — you can't tell while he's still in the velvet — he's what you'd die to get if you were stalking, about as big as they come. Stalking is murder, I tell you," Henry went on. "You nearly kill yourself. The stag is always over the other side of the next mountain."

The Imperial stared at us in gentle curiosity. I clapped my hands sharply to make the nearest animals jump. "Whoo-oo!" I called. Obliging, two hinds sailed a big bush, took it as though it were twice the height, landed feather light, bounded on a few yards just for fun, and calmly dropped their heads again to graze.

"Nice going, my pretties," I said. "Why, oh why, can't a horse jump like that?" I turned to Henry. "Just imagine shooting them!" I cried indignantly.

"The venison's good," he said mildly. It was unanswerable. Henry chirruped to the pony, "Get along, Smilax! It'll be raining again before we're home."

Trusteeship

American statesman and diplomat, FRANCIS B. SAYRE served as our High Commissioner to the Philippines from 1939 to 1942, escaping from Corregidor with his wife and son by submarine. In 1947 President Truman appointed him our Representative in the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations, and in this capacity in 1949 he completed an 11,000-mile survey of the former Japanese-mandated islands which our Navy is now administering as trust territory.

THE PACIFIC ISLANDS WE HOLD

by FRANCIS B. SAYRE

1

SAIPAN and Kwajalein and Tinian were names to conjure with — front-page news — five or six years ago when American lads were being machine-gunned in the bloody assaults to wrest these Pacific strongholds from the grip of the Japanese. What part is the trust territory of the Pacific Islands playing now in the cold war sequel to World War II? In the early days of the past summer they became the subject of heated debate in the United Nations Trusteeship Council, when their administration by the United States came under the fire of violent Soviet attack.

As United States Representative in the Trusteeship Council I was anxious to pay a visit to the islands and see for myself the character of the administration which I should be later called upon in the Council to defend. Last May I took the trip. I went with my fingers crossed; for the United States, unlike Great Britain, has had but limited experience in the administration of dependent territories.

We set out from Pearl Harbor and traveled some 11,000 miles by ships, by flying boats, by land planes, by whaleboats, by landing craft, and by outrigger canoes. Throughout the vast archipelago which constitutes the trust territory, we visited islands of every kind and every description — some extensive and supporting comparatively large populations, some tiny coral atolls almost awash with white surf and uninhabited, some “high” volcanic islands of mountain peaks and rugged scenery, and some “low” islands, spots of low-lying vivid green in the surrounding blue of the Pacific.

We talked with all manner of island peoples — tattooed native chiefs clad in loincloths and welcoming smiles, village councils assembled to greet and to exchange thoughts with us, magistrates, headmen, self-sacrificing missionaries, church groups all dressed in their Sunday best, various officials, titled and untitled, workers of every kind who desired to talk, groups of school children, and even inmates of local jails.

On the whole, I found the people happy. Everywhere they seemed responsive and eager to learn

more of American ways. Throughout the vast area I found no food shortages, no epidemics, no cases of preventable human need. The indigenous population of the islands, judged by the standards of their own culture, are today well fed, well housed, and in good health. Their material needs are well cared for.

Life for most of these attractive, brown-skinned Micronesian peoples is simple and primitive. They have no literature. Few of them have any but the most elementary education. For centuries before the white man came they maintained a fairly happy existence, developing a culture admirably adapted to the conditions under which they lived. Theirs was a subsistence economy undisturbed by worries of buying and selling. Mother Nature is for the most part kindly in the South Seas. Coconuts, bananas, breadfruit, pandanus, taro, and fish are easily to be had; clothing presents no trouble — the less the better; and shelter is easily furnished by the leaves of pandanus or palm. Sustained work was quite unnecessary. A strongly developed communal family or clan system removed the fear of individual want or incapacity, and promised care in time of sickness or old age.

Few of the people today are eager for change. Free from individual poverty or want, they prefer the idle, happy life which they have always known. They do not wish increased economic returns at the price of hard work. And who can blame them? They regard their culture as superior to our own.

But whether happily or unhappily for them, the old days are gone beyond recall. Easygoing seventeenth and eighteenth century cultures cannot withstand the intense pressures and aggressive inroads of twentieth century Western civilization. Samoans tried to do so and lost their sovereignty. In Hawaii today less than a sixth of the population are of the Hawaiian race. In every South Sea area invaded by the whites has come the slow disintegration of South Sea cultures and the adoption of some of the best and much of the worst of alien ways.

The Micronesians are a likable people, tolerant of foreign ways, possessed of dignity and poise —

and with a sense of humor, too. At Kwajalein I wanted to try a sail in an outrigger canoe when the wind was brisk and the seas choppy. The owner called the island governor aside. "Do I get him wet or keep him dry?" he gravely asked. I came back drenched. But I was convinced that the outrigger canoe is a considerably better and faster sailing craft than any boat of comparable dimensions to be found in New England. I was told these sailing canoes can make twenty knots, and I can well believe it.

Everywhere I found friendliness. I wondered sometimes whether, dropping down from the sky as we were accustomed to do in our flying boat and anchoring in the lagoon within the fringe of white breakers pounding on coral reefs, we should find islanders resentful of our rude intrusion into the quiet of their seldom visited homes. Yet I never saw a scowling face. As we stepped from the canoes which brought us ashore through the surf or tortuous channels, the leading men, assembled in a long line to meet us, would ceremoniously shake our hands, and behind them the untitled men and frequently the women and children would gather to greet us. Often would follow ceremonial dances for our entertainment; and not infrequently when our departure time arrived, we would become the center of a "shower party" of gifts — tortoise-shell fans, small mats woven of coconut fiber, gay shells, model outriggers, various pieces of native handicraft, and on Yap even pieces of the native shell "money."

The problems of administering such a territory are formidable and unique. The trust territory covers a sea area of some 3,000,000 square miles — approximately as great as that of continental United States. In this vast archipelago lives a comparatively small population — not more than 54,000 people — but widely scattered among some sixty-four different island groups. Problems of transport and communication assume, therefore, an unusual importance.

The immense distances separating these various island groups make naturally for sharp diversities. The peoples differ markedly in appearance, in ways of living, in patterns of thought. At least eight distinct cultural groups have developed, each with its own language. Each island people is a problem unto itself. Each has its local loyalties — and also its local prejudices and jealousies. Catapulted into this archipelago of problems came American naval officials to fill the vacuum and take up the administrative tasks left by the 70,000 Japanese who had been killed or had to be packed home. Our task has had to be to build from the ground up.

Thus far everything has been left to the Navy, which first took over. True enough, the President's Executive Order of July 18, 1947, terminated as of that day the pre-existing military government and set up a civil administration under the Secretary of the Navy. Granted that the immense distances

separating the islands make the task essentially a sea job, nevertheless the question which kept haunting me was whether naval officials were competent to cope with the subtleties of problems such as these. Accustomed to carry on their work by commands and regulations issued from above, could naval officials be expected to understand indigenous viewpoints profoundly different from their own, and to win primitive peoples over to political, economic, educational, and social programs that will carry the islanders forward into new ways of thought and life? Tasks such as these call for a high degree of imagination and sensitive understanding.

The Navy's authority to administer the islands stems, not from legislation, but from a Presidential Executive Order. No Organic Act has yet been passed, defining the fundamental rights of the inhabitants, setting up a civilian structure of government, or outlining the policies to be pursued. Until Congress determines what basic long-term policies are to be followed in order to implement the provisions of the Trusteeship Agreement, all planning must be on a temporary basis.

2

AGAINST this background of difficulty, how much has the United States actually been able to achieve among these primitive, likable peoples in the two and a half short years since the Trusteeship Agreement came into force?

In the political field considerable groundwork has already been laid. The task of organizing local municipalities, officered and largely run by the island people themselves, has been vigorously pushed by American officials. Over one hundred of these local organizations have thus far been constituted. It is true that not all municipalities are now set up on a representative basis. The United States has endeavored to build upon the best of the existing indigenous organizations. Nevertheless, many democratic elections have been held; and the fact that approximately 80 per cent of the island inhabitants of voting age today enjoy some form of suffrage is a clear indication of the progress being made in political education.

In the economic field, the outstanding problems come from the two chief marketable resources: copra and the Angaur phosphate deposits. Copra is dried coconut meat, from which oil is extracted, used among other things for soapmaking and edible oils. To assist the people in getting their copra to world markets and bringing in such goods as they need, the Navy organized the Island Trading Company. It is planned that all the profits from this organization will go to the welfare and support of the island peoples. The Island Trading Company, however, is only an interim arrangement until such time as the inhabitants can be taught to carry on these functions for themselves. This has already begun.

I suspect that the illustrated pages of American Sears Roebuck catalogues have something to do with increased copra activity. Thumbing through those catalogues the islanders see alluring pictures of American fineries which excite their admiration or desire. The only way to satisfy them is with money; and money can be had by making more copra and selling it to the Island Trading Company. The copra production is thus increased, and new Western items appear on the island, to the envy of some and excitement of all. The present cloud on the economic horizon is the falling price of copra in world markets.

The mining of phosphates on Angaur Island was carried on extensively by the Japanese before the war. Prior to the adoption of the Trusteeship Agreement an informal arrangement was made providing for the mining of up to 865,000 tons of phosphate ore at a royalty of 25 cents a ton. The total amount mined was shipped to Japan for the account of the Supreme Commander, Allied Powers, Tokyo. In view of the world-wide shortage of food following the war, and of the Allied responsibility for preventing starvation in Japan, the export to Japan of this phosphate was considered a desirable interim measure. But the nice problem now arises whether its continued shipment is compatible with the promotion of the economic interests of the people of Angaur. In the light of the effects of the mining upon the agriculture and fresh-water supply of Angaur Island, the matter is being carefully reconsidered.

In the field of education the Navy has gone to work with a will. Nearly every inhabited island has its elementary schools. Moreover, elementary education has been made compulsory. Today one out of every six of the indigenous population is at school. This is no mean achievement. In every island I visited, always I made for the school. Unhappily, too often I found no school in session because of the holiday to do honor to the visiting Ambassador. But on a number of occasions I was lucky enough to find the boys and girls in school and hard at work. After watching the conduct of the teaching, I usually asked the children questions to test their English and their general knowledge. The answers were not always accurate, but their faces were always eager and alert. "Who is the President of the United States?" I asked one of the smaller youngsters in a primary grade at Yap. Boys and girls scratched their heads. This was a hard one! Finally, an inspiration came to a small, half-naked boy; he raised his hand. "Abraham Lincoln," was the triumphant reply.

As yet, the children have learned little of world geography or of what lies beyond the white breakers encircling their palm-fringed islands. But they are avid to learn English, which all consider the high-road to advancement and the key to much of the magic and the mystery of America. It is taught

throughout the territory, and will one day replace Japanese as the lingua franca of the islands.

Any system of compulsory elementary education must be based upon a good indigenous teachers' training school. It would be impracticable to bring sufficient American teachers to the islands to man the elementary schools. One of the early steps in the educational program was therefore to organize a first-rate teachers' training school. The Pacific Islands Teacher Training School, or "PITTS" as it is called, is now in full swing at Truk.

Finally, in the social field, particularly in the realm of public sanitation and health, notable progress has been made. When the Americans came, eighteen out of every twenty people of the islands were afflicted by yaws, a very infectious and troublesome systemic disease, manifesting itself primarily in its active stage by open ulcers on the skin. From 35 to 50 per cent of the boys and girls under seventeen presented active lesions. Today the incidence of open lesions is less than one in a hundred. About half the people suffered from malnutrition. Today there is almost none. Intestinal parasite diseases have been reduced in some districts from an incidence of 65 per cent to 5 per cent. Tuberculosis, however, in spite of earnest effort, still remains a serious problem. All children under sixteen and most adults of the trust territory have been vaccinated against smallpox, tetanus, and typhoid fever.

One of the most imaginative projects in the health field is the U.S.S. *Whidbey*, which, with X-ray, fluoroscope, and an epidemiological laboratory, cruises from island to island, engaged in making a medical examination and keeping a record of each inhabitant. When the survey is finished the United States will have a detailed and complete record of the diseases of every island, and of the sanitary and health needs of every part of the trust territory.

Of poignant interest is the leprosarium recently built on Tinian. Here are gathered from various parts of the territory those afflicted with leprosy. Since leprosy is not considered a highly contagious disease, non-infected adult members of the family sometimes accompany the patient to the leprosarium and remain with him during treatment. Most of the patients live in attractive little family cabins built for them by the government; the more advanced and active cases are cared for in hospital wards.

The heart of the program of public health lies in the training schools for indigenous medical assistants, dental assistants, and nurses, located at Guam. It is always a great occasion when medical or dental assistants return to their home islands to take a professional part in the visiting medical officer's work or to preside over local dispensaries or health centers.

When finally, at the end of a month, I turned my face homeward I felt a sense of pride in the way the

United States has been laying the groundwork for what must constitute a long-time job. During that month I had also gained a new respect for the United States Navy. I had feared that the Navy might concentrate all its effort upon satisfying the immediate material needs of the people, with eyes blind to the subtler spiritual needs, or else upon theoretical and impractical "uplift" programs that would have confused the issues and needlessly upset the people's accustomed ways.

The Navy does not claim to have been free from mistakes. Amidst its hundreds of activities it has of course been guilty of rash judgments and unwise decisions. But by and large, the United States Navy, engaged upon this exacting task, has to my mind with outstanding ability and understanding achieved a notable success.

3

LAST summer before the Trusteeship Council the United States was called upon to give an account of its administration of the islands. How and why we were bound to do so is part of the aftermath of World War II.

At the end of the war, having driven the Japanese out of the Pacific Islands at a fearful cost, we Americans found ourselves in military occupation of the Marshalls, the Carolines, and the Marianas. We could not repeat the inexplicable blunder of 1898, when we took Guam and the Philippines and left for sale on the open market these strategic islands lying directly athwart our lines of communication to the Philippines. For this blunder we had paid dearly in blood. Never again could we afford to permit these Pacific bastions to be held or fortified by any militaristic state.

But outright annexation was impossible. Again and again during the course of the war we had declared, and sincerely declared, that we were fighting to gain not one single inch of foreign soil.

The alternative was to place the islands under the international trusteeship system which the United Nations was setting up with the strong backing and support of the United States as one of the pillars of peace for the new world. Accordingly, we entered into a Trusteeship Agreement with the United Nations. We thereby pledged ourselves, in the words of the Charter, "to promote the political, economic, social and educational advancement of the inhabitants . . . and their progressive development towards self-government or independence."

To watch over the interests of dependent peoples in trust territories the Trusteeship Council was created as an organ of real power. It is not, like the old League of Nations Mandates Commission, a committee of experts, but rather of "specially qualified" persons representing their governments. It is not merely a debating group. It is one of the six principal organs of the United Nations, com-

posed of governmental representatives with power to bind their governments. It is not confined to examining reports but may send missions of its own to each of the trust territories to investigate and see for itself and to report its recommendations directly to the General Assembly. This is strong and heady medicine. It is potent — for good or, if misused, for international mischief.

In order to preserve an even balance and thus prevent one-sided decisions, the Council is composed of an equal number of administering and non-administering states — the five Great Powers, all other states which administer trust territories, and sufficient non-administering states, elected by the General Assembly for three-year terms, to make the balance equal. At present the Council is composed of twelve members — as administering states, the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States; and as non-administering states, the Soviet Union, China, Iraq, the Philippines, Argentina, and the Dominican Republic.

At the Council's session last July, when the first United States Report on the Pacific Islands was examined and debated, it was bitterly attacked by the Soviet representative. He centered his attack upon the failure of the United States to replace the islanders' clan system by modern forms of democratic political organization. He was quite unmoved by the reply that democracy in American eyes means government with the consent of the governed, and that to tear out by its roots the clan system, in which the Pacific islanders have been bred for centuries, and replace it overnight by Western processes of government which they neither understand nor desire, would smack more of dictatorship than of democracy. His attitude was that of a man with eyes tight shut following the objective of attack rather than of truth-seeking.

At the conclusion of the debate the Soviet representative stood alone. The Council, by a vote of nine in favor and one against, adopted the first paragraph of the Pacific Island Report, stating that the Trusteeship Council, "taking into account the comparatively brief period that has elapsed since the Administering Authority assumed responsibility for the administration of the Territory, and recognizing the difficulties arising from the destruction caused by the War, commends the Administering Authority for the progress it has already made in the political, economic, social and educational advancement of the inhabitants." The final vote of the Council approving the entire Report containing this commendation was eight to none.

The great unanswered question is whether the Trusteeship Council, a political body rather than a group of technical experts, is able to solve the complex problems of dependent races in trust territories struggling upward toward self-government or freedom.

During the first year the Soviet Union boycotted the Trusteeship Council; as a result the Council worked like a happy family and achieved much. But when, at the end of the year, the General Assembly clothed the Trusteeship Council with political power to set up a government in Jerusalem, the Soviet Government promptly forgot its constitutional scruples and without more ado took its seat at the Council Table.

Since that time the Council has been harried by Soviet tactics. The danger is that genuine concern for human welfare may be crowded into second place by the exigencies of political attack and defense.

The examination of annual reports should consist of helpful and constructive criticism. Unfortunately the Soviet representative regards the examination as if it were a trial with the administering power a prisoner in the dock. With a debonair unconcern for the facts, the Soviet representative seeks by innuendo and skillful cross-examination to show up "Western imperialism." And since the debate must be strictly confined to trusteeship problems, no one can mention the fact that, emerging from the Second World War, Soviet Russia has brought under its rule or dictation and is now exploiting some 200 million people of some twelve countries by methods of terrorism and fear. The six administering authorities, forced to defend themselves against often quite unjustified attack, find themselves too frequently compelled to vote as a bloc together.

The situation places the United States on the horns of a profound dilemma. On the one hand, we cannot forget the hopes and yearnings of dependent peoples. We were once ourselves a colony; and our traditional American policy is to speed among all dependent peoples the building of the necessary foundations for self-government. On the other hand, we cannot close our eyes to the misrepresentations and propaganda of the Soviet representative against the administering powers. We ourselves are one of these; and it is to our vital interest to help defend Western powers against Soviet aggression. We cannot ignore the economic and other issues involved in cutting colonial ties. It is the tactic of the Soviet Union to magnify the cleavage between the administering and the non-administering groups, posing herself as the ardent champion of all downtrodden peoples, and branding the United States and the other administering authorities as archimperialists.

Once the Council falls into the pattern of six-to-six voting, deadlock results and no progress can be made. Consequently a feeling is abroad in certain quarters that the Trusteeship Council, like the Security Council, is hamstrung by Soviet tactics.

With such a view I cannot agree. The Soviet Government possesses no veto in the Trusteeship Council, as it does in the Security Council. If the

non-administering states can be thoroughly convinced of the profound insincerity of the Soviet's position and the untruth of its charges, the Soviet member can delay temporarily, but he cannot checkmate, the work of the Council. This principle, however, is subject to one all-important proviso. If the administering states are not convincing, the votes of the non-administering powers are frequently united against them. It is a constant battle; and victory goes usually to the side which can prove that the welfare of the inhabitants is its genuine concern. The recent Pacific Islands discussion is a case in point.

Up until the last session of the Council the number of six-to-six votes was on the increase, reaching a maximum in the Fourth Session of fourteen tie votes, each of which prevented the Council from taking action. In the last session the Council seemed to have learned better how to appraise and to judge. A majority of seven or more was obtained in seventy-one votes; and during the entire session there were no tie votes. In the balloting the Soviet representative found himself frequently alone. Tensions, one can hope, are lessening; the members of the Council are learning better every year how to push successfully forward in their ever increasing agenda.

The preparation of an undeveloped people for self-government requires high vision and the careful development of long-term programs. It involves preparing indigenous peoples to carry on democratic government, to teach schools, to practice medicine, and generally to improve standards of living through work in the fields of economics and public health. It involves the construction of schools, hospitals, and public buildings. It involves large financial outlays which must be kept geared to the economic development and the revenues of the territory.

There are in the world today some 200 million dependent peoples. Many of these aspire to independence. They have often heard the name of America coupled with human freedom. Now they are hearing the trumpets and the echoes of Communist propaganda. They are learning also of the United Nations and the Trusteeship Council. In these they see hope for underprivileged peoples.

These dependent peoples — particularly those of Asia and Africa — will play an increasingly important part in the structure of future world peace. Recent heated debates in the General Assembly over the disposition of the former Italian colonies in North Africa give some indication of the importance of colonial issues to world peace. The task of leading underprivileged peoples out of the valleys of ignorance and dire poverty and disease is emphatically a world problem, requiring constant international coördination of effort. In this undertaking of magnificent proportions the role of the Trusteeship Council is vital to future peace.



In Yankee from Olympus, CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN showed us the decisiveness of that Great Dissenter, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. For the past five years she has been working on a comparable portrait of young John Adams, who was brought up to believe in British rights and British freedom and who in his thirties, from 1765 to 1775, worked to effect a new freedom on this side of the Atlantic. Those ten years were the most important, the most dynamic, of John Adams's life. From the final section of Miss Bowen's book, the Atlantic has made a five-part abridgment, depicting the action and deliberation which led to independence.

YOUNG JOHN ADAMS

Thirteen Clocks Strike for Independence

by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

1

AS WAR spread down the coast and the threat grew total, it became apparent even to the Tories that the character of Congress had changed. From a temporary convention which, on adjournment, voted to meet again in six months "should the situation demand," Congress had become a permanent body of state representatives, with self-appointed powers to coin money, make loans, raise and equip an army and a navy. In April of '76, Congress lifted the Continental blockade, which quite obviously had failed of its purpose. American ships flung themselves blithely across the seas, trading where they could, fishing where they could and fighting when a likely prize loomed toward them over the horizon.

Congress, to the world outside, appeared a united body. Because the vote was counted by colonies, not delegates, there was little public conception of how sharp a difference actually existed between the members. To Dickinson, Robert Morris, James Wilson of Philadelphia, to Duane and Jay of New York, to the brothers Rutledge of South Carolina, *independence* was still a word of frightful mien, separation from England a thought deplorable — more and more threatening it was true, but to be avoided if the brain and ingenuity of man could possibly avoid it.

On the 7th of June, a Friday, Richard Henry Lee stood up in Congress and asked leave to propose a resolution, "*according to the instructions of his constituents.*" Fifty pairs of eyes were instantly fixed on him; not a delegate but knew perfectly what was coming. Three weeks ago the Virginia Assembly had voted that its delegates in Congress be instructed "to declare for independence." Congress had had the news ten days or more;

daily, the moderates had looked for the Virginians to act upon it. The tension had become almost unbearable.

Quite obviously, the moment had this morning arrived; Virginia was about to come out with it. Lee stood at ease, slim and distinguished in his light silk summer suit and breeches. Duane, Wilson, Livingston, Rutledge, Robert Morris drew in their lips, their faces set. Lee held a piece of paper in his hand; he lifted it and read slowly: —

"RESOLVED, *That these United Colonies are and of right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved.*"

Before a dissenting voice could be heard, John was on his feet to second the motion.

The debate raged that day and the next, a Saturday. Neither side would give an inch. Dickinson was in and out of the room, now arguing against Lee and two Adamses, now across the hallway with the Pennsylvania Assembly, pledging himself and the other Provincial conservatives to vote against independence. The Middle States insisted they had no authority to declare for separation from England; if the measure went through over their heads they would have no recourse but to walk out of Congress, go home and perhaps witness their colonies secede from the Union.

Agreement was impossible. On Monday morning, June 10th, conciliators and radicals agreed to postpone the final decision, the final vote until July the 1st, three Mondays distant. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland were still doubtful, "not yet matured for falling

from the parent stem," Jefferson said. Both sides expected to use the delay to fullest advantage. Some members prepared to ride home at once; others sent urgent expresses bidding their Assemblies instruct for or against independence according to their several beliefs.

Meanwhile both factions agreed it was only prudent and sensible to prepare a declaration of independence, have it ready should the final vote be affirmative. Even the moderates did not wish to see so important a proclamation "huddled up in a hurry by a few Chiefs." To compose it, a committee of five was named. "*The members chosen*," wrote Thomson in the Minutes, "*Mr. Jefferson, Mr. J Adams, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Sherman, Mr. R R Livingston.*"

Two days later, on Wednesday evening, Congress rose some time after six. John managed somehow to elude his colleagues and went off by himself for supper at a little ordinary he knew on Race Street; the proprietor was a high son of liberty. John felt the need to be alone, eat a meal in peace, not be stifled by noise, smoke, the excited conversation of eight men or twenty.

Tonight it seemed to John that he could not endure another three weeks of waiting, three weeks of suspense, tension, the eternal contriving of plans and maneuvers. Over and above all that, the machinery of war and government loomed before him, appalling in its sheer weight. Since Monday, John had seen his name affixed to three new committees — one to prepare the declaration, one for foreign treaties, and a shattering affair called the Board of War and Ordnance. Of all, the last was most formidable.

Concerning the declaration, John thought, it would require nothing actually new or original. Congress, individual colonies — towns even — had in the past two years sent out numerous declarations of right — carefully worded announcements and justifications of the revolutionary position. A declaration of independence would of necessity be mostly repetition of these documents, with the inclusion of a forceful outline of America's grievances against the King. It must of course be elegantly written, strong yet simple — something a nation could subscribe to and a world might comprehend.

2

FROM the most violent of the liberty men to the coolest of the "cool Devils," everyone knew that independence was coming. Yet the hazard, the essential danger remained. Voting for independence meant voting for war. Those colonies which were against independence automatically would secede from the Union, be left out of the confederation — and by that token become enemy states. A unanimous vote was desperately necessary; a mere majority would not do. In the doubtful Middle

States, political workers doubled their efforts, sending reports by every post.

John himself had been furiously busy. It seemed to him he was always on his feet — running to the City Tavern to meet Matlack and McKean and discuss how best to bring Pennsylvania around; stopping at the printer's to deliver some article of newspaper propaganda; meeting with the Board of War upstairs in the Coffee House. Once or twice he looked in on Jefferson where he sat writing the Declaration in his second-floor parlor at Seventh and Market Streets. Jefferson had protested this duty; he was the youngest member of the Committee save Livingston, he said. Dr. Franklin or Mr. Adams should properly be the author.

John had merely laughed. Any draft of his would be three months in revision merely because an Adams wrote it — or any other New Englandman, for that matter. "I am feared and hated in Congress," John added. "And besides, Jefferson, you have a happy talent for composition, a peculiar felicity of expression. You write," John finished bluntly, "ten times better than I do."

The choice of author had proved most fortunate; John himself was delighted with the Declaration. He and Franklin made a few minor alterations and the Committee of Five approved the rest. On June 28th the document had been reported to Congress, and lay now "on the table" awaiting the vote on independence.

The days of doubt were nearly over; only a night remained. For John the tension had risen almost unbearably. His head ached, he felt feverish and the brief hot summer nights brought no refreshment. His appetite was gone; all meats tasted alike and when he forced himself to eat, the food lay sour on his stomach. John knew that if he permitted himself to let go, he might sink in exhaustion.

Once the vote was taken tomorrow, the politics of revolution would be finished. "Nothing," John had written home, "will remain but war." There were other men who could manage a war far better than he. Not men of ideas but men of business were needed — men who knew how to raise loans, compute debts, coin money, set prices, move supplies, manufacture arms. The whole Massachusetts delegation ought to resign and let younger men take their places in Congress. He himself was forty, nearly forty-one. Rotation of office — was it not the very stuff of which republican government was made? Since the beginning, John had preached rotation, but Massachusetts had not listened.

"I will go home," he thought now, in a sudden wild upsurge of hope and homesickness, a wave of longing for a life that was his own once more, to do with as he pleased — a life secure, defined within happy limits to the farm, the Braintree pastures, to the law courts of Massachusetts and John's own growing library. Harvest time was coming, even

now the south field must be ripe with hay. When he threw a leg over his saddle John would like to know — most urgently he would like it — that he need travel no farther than Plymouth Court House.

"*I will go home!*" John repeated the words desperately in his mind. "*I will petition my constituents to let me go. I will live with my family, practice law, make money and be at peace.*"

3

ON Monday morning, July the 1st, 1776, John walked to the Pennsylvania State House at about half after eight. Today the sky was cloudless; already the bricks and cobbles gave off heat. John went up three steps and through the wide double doors that opened on Chestnut Street. The hallway was cool, the dark floor grateful to the eye.

For John, every turn of this building, every room and corner was familiar. Yet today the scene was heightened; John felt each detail poignantly. To the left, over the doorway to the Assembly Room where Congress sat, the carved white ornamental face stared blindly, its wide eyeballs fixed. Beneath it the doorman lounged against the wall. John walked to him and gave him good morning. If the Maryland post should come while they were in session, John said, let any letters be delivered immediately to himself or President Hancock.

Turning in the door, John walked up the right aisle of the Assembly Room and found his usual seat near the front, beneath a window giving on the yard. The room was already filling. John laid his green lawyer's bag on the wide window sill just above him, took out his papers, settled himself and glanced about with a searching, practiced eye. Across the room sat Dickinson in plum-colored coat and breeches, looking pale as death. James Wilson and Edward Rutledge leaned over him, talking earnestly.

The ranks of the independence men were thin this morning, with their best debaters at home, holding the local organizations to the line. Richard Henry Lee was at Williamsburg with George Wythe, Gadsden in South Carolina, Chase still at Annapolis, Caesar Rodney in Delaware.

The actual procedure for this morning was entirely familiar to everyone. President Hancock would resolve Congress into a Committee of the Whole and come down from the Chair, thereby making both debate and vote unofficial, a trial balloon as it were. It was an old, traditional, and highly useful parliamentary device for getting the sense of a legislative body just before it took official and irretrievable action "under the mace," or seal of royal authority. Also, it gave the President a chance to take part in the argument.

To the right behind the President's chair the door opened and Sam Adams walked slowly in, caught sight of John and moved to him. By the way his

head shook, John knew his cousin was agitated. He sat down and the papers in his hand rattled. "It won't go through today," Sam said. "We won't move beyond the Committee of the Whole. Dickinson will have his say; I see it in his eye. That bundle of notes he holds is a speech, a two-hour harangue by any wager. . . . And you, Cousin," — Sam raised a hand — "you will have to refute him. You seconded Lee's Resolution. And Lee is in Virginia."

John turned impatiently to the back of the room. Where in God's name, he wondered, were the new representatives from Jersey? Chase's express from Annapolis should have got here long ago with the Maryland *Instructions* for independence. Of Delaware's three delegates, only two were present, McKean and George Read — and Read was against independence. He would surely like, John said, to see Caesar Rodney's bright wizened little apple-face back there where it belonged. It might be wiser for Hancock to delay the vote till afternoon, giving time for the radical delegates to arrive. As the vote went in Committee, so it would go in full Congress either today or tomorrow. "If I have to talk for independence I will talk," John told his cousin morosely. "Yet what can I say that hasn't been hackneyed back and forth a hundred times in this room? What can anyone say, including our distinguished friend in the plum-colored coat?"

Sam scratched at a hole in his stocking just below the knee. "For our distinguished friend," he repeated dryly, "there remains the allegory of the house and the inclement weather. Surely, you wouldn't wish him to omit that trenchant bit? Besides, he can always fall back on the well-known New England threat. You saw the *Evening Post* article?"

John turned, smiled warmly at his cousin. A week or two ago, the *Pennsylvania Evening Post*, a radical paper, had carried a list of highly pertinent brief statements under the heading, "What Patriots Fear." John remembered it well: "Should independence be declared, I fear I shall lose my office. . . . I fear I shall lose the honor of being related to men in office. . . . I shall lose the rent of my house for two years or three. . . . The common people will have too much power in their hands. . . . *I fear the New Englandmen will turn into Goths and Vandals and overrun this country.*" It was absurd of course, yet the conservatives could testify to the truth of these fears.

The clock in the State House tower struck nine. President Hancock called for order, picked up a pile of papers from the table and began to read aloud. . . . Three letters from General Washington . . . one from General Benedict Arnold . . . one from Schuyler . . . one from the Convention of New Jersey . . . the Convention of New Hampshire. . . . Fourteen separate letters, Hancock went through slowly, painstakingly, asking the sense of

Congress concerning each. It was noon before he laid the last paper down, paused briefly, then announced that Congress would "*resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole to take into consideration the resolution concerning independence.*"

Leaning forward, Hancock picked up the mace — he loved punctilio — and handing it to the clerk, set authority ceremoniously aside and took his seat in the ranks. Benjamin Harrison, Chairman in Committee of the Whole, moved to the vacated Chair and let his large bulk slowly down.

At once, Dickinson was on his feet. His voice as he began was charged with emotion. He spoke fluently yet with a kind of halting earnestness, like a man who has thought much and painfully, rehearsing in the solitary hours what he would say. "My conduct this day I expect will give the finishing blow to my once too great, and my now too diminished popularity. Yet I had rather forfeit popularity forever, than vote away the blood and happiness of my countrymen."

In spite of himself, John was impressed. There was a deep sincerity about Dickinson's manner; his thin face showed lines of strain. As he was speaking the door at the back of the hall opened and the doorman walked up the north aisle, gave Hancock a large, official-looking envelope, then came round by the side wall and handed John a letter postmarked Annapolis. John tore it open. "I am this moment from the House," he read, "with a unanimous vote of our convention for independence. Now for a government. *Jubeo te bene valere.* Your friend, S. Chase."

Farewell and be strong in the cause. Across the room, Hancock with a quick gesture held up his own letter; his lips formed the word "Maryland." The small drama was not lost on the room. Underneath Dickinson's voice, whispers sounded, "*Maryland for independence!*"

"If we declare a separation without waiting to hear from France," Dickinson was saying, "we may be overwhelmed with debt — a debt I have computed at six millions of Pennsylvania money a year. We shall ruin ourselves, and Britain will be ruined with us. France will rise on those ruins. Britain will push the war with a severity hitherto unimagined. Indians will be set loose on our frontiers. Recollect, gentlemen, that Boston has been spared thus far. . . . Boston will be burned!"

In the chair to John's right his cousin sat perfectly expressionless, arms folded across his breast.

"To escape from the protection of Britain by declaring independence, all unprepared as we are," Dickinson continued, "would be like destroying our house in winter and exposing a growing family before we have got another shelter."

Two Adamsses by simultaneous impulse turned to each other, bowed slightly and ironically from the waist, then resumed attention, their faces bland. Dickinson went on and on, he must have talked an

hour. The heat had grown stifling. Light faded in the long room and there was a sound of thunder.

Dickinson drew himself up, raised his voice as if in peroration. Before this Resolution for independence was put to a vote it might be profitable to look ahead, he said, read a little into the future, into "the Doomsday Book of America." A commonwealth of thirteen united colonies had been proposed. In twenty years or thirty, might not this great Union become unwieldy? Might it not of itself split into separate commonwealths? "I have a strong impression in my mind," said Dickinson, "that this will take place. In that case" — Dickinson paused, then spoke emphatically — "in that case, Hudson's River would make a very proper boundary for a separate commonwealth to the northward."

Handkerchief to his brow, Dickinson stood a moment, then sank to his chair. No one spoke. By their window the *par nobile fratrum* were silent, waiting. Sam continued to gaze straight before him. John's short, heavy fingers lay spread on his knees. Impossible, he thought angrily, that this thing must needs be hammered out again! Yet Dickinson, however trite his words, however specious his argument, had been impressive if only in the personal risk he took. He had spoken from the heart and in so doing had gambled away forever all chance of personal advancement, all chance of his being part of the new government of America should independence win the day. Such a man must not be permitted to have the last word.

4

JOHN drew in his breath with a long, powerful sigh. Against the windows the storm broke in a sudden flurry of rain. John stood up. He could wish for eloquence, he said — all the powers of the ancient orators of Greece and Rome. The preceding speaker had been eloquent indeed; his talent for expression was known throughout a continent. And yet how simple this argument, intrinsically. How plain the issue! Was it not rather a question for man's ordinary understanding? Every honest person with open mind and senses alert can hear the moment strike for action, knows when the path turns beneath his feet.

All his life long, John was to hear his speech of July 1st referred to in terms of wonder, terms of praise. "He came out with a power of thought and expression that moved us from our seats," Jefferson said, years afterward. Yet no word of the speech was kept. Nobody took notes. All John himself could remember, when people asked him, was the opening phrase. To him, indeed, the whole performance had been a waste of breath.

But though his actual words escaped him, John never forgot the scene itself. While he was speaking the storm outside increased; John had to raise his

voice against the roll of thunder. It grew dark; Hancock at his table beckoned to the clerk for candles. By then it was about four o'clock. John was still speaking when the door flung open from the hallway and three men entered, booted, spurred, rain dripping from their coats. It was the radical members from Jersey, come to vote for independence. John stopped and sat down, but Judge Stockton, speaking for New Jersey, asked to hear the affirmative argument before the vote should be taken in Committee of the Whole.

John got up, went patiently through the argument again as briefly as he could, addressing himself to the three Jerseymen who stood against the far wall. When he was done the opposition brought forth two more speechmakers, both vehement, almost abusive.

One of the three Jerseymen, President Witherspoon of Princeton, ignoring the fact that he was an extremely new member of Congress, stepped boldly out from the wall. His coat, streaked with rain, was open, his clergyman's bib lay wilted against his chest. "The distinguished gentleman from Massachusetts," he said in a nasal, hoarse, and quite loud voice, "remarked as we came in that the colonies are ripe for independence. I would like to add that some colonies" — Witherspoon looked pointedly at Alsop of New York who had just sat down — "some colonies are rotten for the want of it!"

Sam Adams, delight spreading visibly across his countenance, said something that sounded like "Hear! Hear!" From the Chair, Benjamin Harrison called hastily for order, announced that the vote would be taken. One by one he called the states by name. *Massachusetts* . . . four men stood up. . . . *New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut* . . . unanimous for independence. . . . *New York* . . . not a man rose to his feet. . . . *Delaware* . . . McKean alone stood up; his colleague George Read remained seated, his gaze fixed stolidly before him. . . . *Pennsylvania* . . .

When the vote was counted, it was nine to four for independence. "*Resolved*," read Harrison slowly, deliberately, "*That these United Colonies are and of right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved.*"

Nine states to four. New York had refused to vote, "for want of Instructions from home." Pennsylvania and South Carolina voted Nay; Delaware's two deputies were divided. Harrison gave up the Chair to Hancock who adjourned the meeting — "until 9 o Clock to Morrow," the Minutes read. Tomorrow the final vote would be taken, "in full Congress assembled."

John Adams and Sam rose and moved quickly through the crowd, trying not to let triumph show

too plainly on their faces. Much would depend, tomorrow, on Dickinson, Robert Morris and Rutledge; it would not be wise to antagonize them further. Outside the door, McKean was waiting with the Jersey delegates. The six men crossed the street together to the Fountain Tavern, talking eagerly. Today's majority would in itself be the most powerful inducement to the four dissenting states. Rather than be left out of the Union they must surely capitulate.

But Mr. Dickinson, one of the Jerseymen remarked in a positive tone, would never vote for independence. There was, McKean countered quickly, a way around that impasse. Dickinson could simply stay away tomorrow, and Robert Morris with him. James Wilson, when it came to scratch, would vote Ay. "So will that young pop-injay from South Carolina," McKean added confidently. "He took me by the coat as I came out, and promised as much. 'For the sake of unanimity,' he said."

Nothing, it was agreed, could be done about New York for the present. Witherspoon, addressing McKean bluntly, demanded what about his own state of Delaware. Could Mr. Read be persuaded before the morrow?

McKean shook his head. It was his considered opinion that men like George Read made up their minds at birth to say No, and descended to the grave with the pleased consciousness that they had voted against everything. "But rest easy concerning Delaware," McKean finished cheerfully. "Caesar Rodney will be here tomorrow if I have to travel to Dover myself after supper and bring him back by moonlight, riding pillion like a bride."

McKean proved right on all counts. Next morning — it was Tuesday, July 2nd — Dickinson and Robert Morris stayed away. Wilson voted Ay, giving Pennsylvania a majority of three out of five. Edward Rutledge, true to promise, brought South Carolina around. Caesar Rodney, riding eighty miles in darkness and heavy rain, arrived just in time. McKean, who had sent horses at his own expense to Dover, waited for Rodney outside on the steps and brought him triumphantly in, still wiping the mud from his face and coat sleeves. When Delaware's name was called, the two stood up together. Rodney delivered his vote with a little speech. All sensible men, he said, were for independence, and so, he believed, were his constituents. He cast his vote in the affirmative.

Twelve states for independence, with New York's vote guaranteed; Henry Wisner promised it. New York would not stand alone, one colony against the rest. The thing was over, done, accomplished.

5

ON the south wall of the State House, high up, was a little balcony. From this balcony on Mon-

day, July 8th, the Declaration was first proclaimed at noontime. Colonel Nixon of the Philadelphia Associators read it to a crowd that filled the State House Yard. Troops, drawn up in formation, saluted, the people gave three great huzzas. Forty-nine members of Congress, standing just below the balcony, cheered too, then filed in through the State House door and went back to work.

It was not a very big celebration nor a loud one. Pennsylvania had made more noise, rung more bells and burned more bonfires when she held her first Provincial Conference. But there was no question that people felt deeply the significance of the Declaration. As the days passed and post riders carried it north and south, the country everywhere responded. In towns and hamlets men gathered, cheering as the Declaration was read from Meeting House steps, then ran to tear down the King's Arms from their Court House doors. The lion and the unicorn would prance no more in these American States.

American States. . . . People tried the phrase, turning it over on their tongues. . . . *God bless the American States!* . . . "This Declaration has had a glorious effect," wrote Whipple of New Hampshire, who had voted for it in Congress. "It has made these colonies all alive." . . . A hundred King Streets changed their names to State Street; Queen's Street became Congress Way. In their homes, men turned the King's portrait to the wall. Even the halfpenny that bore the royal face was degraded to a farthing. On Bowling Green, New Yorkers pulled down the dashing equestrian statue of George Rex and melted it into (the account was pleasingly specific) "42,500 bullets." Worcester, Massachusetts, had a grand banquet. "24 Toasts were drank," reported the *Worcester Spy*. "Perpetual itching and no scratching to America's enemies. . . . May the freedom and independency of America endure, till the sun grows dim and this earth returns to chaos!"

On the 19th of July, 1776, the Declaration was proclaimed in Boston from the State House balcony. Abigail Adams was there. She had followed the crowd into King Street and stood across from the State House, waiting, her eyes fixed on the balcony that opened from the old Council Chamber. Troops stood at attention. The square, the streets were jammed with people. People perched on the rooftops; every window was filled with heads.

Here on this small square balcony, Thomas Hutchinson had stood on Massacre night, pleading with the multitude. . . . A thousand angry faces upturned in the moonlight, a thousand hands ready for the shedding of blood. . . .

In the bright July noon sun the crowd began to shout as a man stepped to the balcony. Abby recognized him at once. It was Tom Crafts the house painter, Sam Adams's right-hand man since 1764. "Colonel" Crafts, he was now. . . . His

flat Yankee voice reached easily across the square, . . . "*endowed by their Creator with sartin*" . . . Crafts stumbled, went back . . . "*by their Creator with sartin unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.*"

It did not take him long to finish. "God save the American States!" a new voice shouted from the balcony. Crafts flung up both arms and the crowd surged forward, cheering.

"The bells rang," wrote Abigail that night to her husband. "The privateers fired, the forts and batteries, the cannon were discharged, the platoons followed and every face appeared joyful. After dinner the Kings Arms were taken down from the State House, and every vestige of him from every place in which it appeared, and burnt. Thus ends the royal authority in this State. And all the people shall say Amen!"

Three hundred miles to the southward, John Adams sat in Philadelphia City Tavern. It was dinnertime, and John had a table to himself in a far corner; Sam Adams and McKean had promised to join him. John was early; he had a full twenty minutes to wait. From his pocket he took his wife's letter and reread it. Abby, he thought with satisfaction, was a great hand at a description . . . "*every vestige*" of the King "*from every place in which it appeared, and burnt.*" He could see her face as she wrote — intent, serious, the lips drawn in. "*And all the people shall say Amen!*"

John looked up, his expression thoughtful, his blue eyes calm. And "*thus ends the royal authority*". . . . Thus ends a way of living, a way of thinking. "A new empire has arisen, styled the United States of America." Judge Drayton of Carolina had declared it from the bench, in full court assembled. The United American States. There was great power in a name, a phrase. Yet before the world would recognize this name, a terrible war must be fought. . . . "*I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure it will cost us to maintain this Declaration, and support these States.*" John's own words came back to him. "*Yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is worth all the means. This is our day of deliverance. With solemn acts of devotion to God, we ought to commemorate it. With pomp and parade, with shews, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other from this time forth forevermore.*"

A hand fell on John's shoulder. He looked up. "Cousin John," Sam Adams said cheerfully. "You are in a very brown study. I said your name three times. . . . Is it well with you tonight?"

John smiled, filled suddenly with happiness, gratitude, a flood of deep feeling he could not have defined. With a wide sweeping gesture of hospitality he pulled out a chair. "It is very well with me tonight, Cousin," he said.

THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

I FLEW South in one of those soft spells in Indian summer. A peripatetic editor lecturing five times in six days. Over Virginia and down along the Piedmont the woods seen from the plane were still bronze and green, and the waterways, unlike the little blue lakes of Connecticut that I passed over on my way to New York, ran red with clay.

In Baltimore, which was my first stop, I heard strong talk about the plight of the privately endowed medical schools. I had been hearing much the same about medical schools only a crow's flight from my office on Arlington Street. Oversimplified, the problem boils down to this: tuition, \$500; yearly cost of educating a medical student, \$2200. Multiply the resulting deficit of \$1700 by the number of students in the school and you have a headache. This discrepancy hits us at a time when the country is lamentably short of young doctors. The war placed upon us the national responsibility of caring for the wounded and ailing veterans, and the peak of that load will not be reached until the 1970's. The supply of doctors has not kept pace with the demand; and when the big research clinics continually draw out of practice men of proven ability, the shortage becomes more noticeable. These are the realities which we need to deal with before we listen to any grandiose scheme of social medicine.

In the Carolinas, where I spoke at two colleges, my hosts enlarged the subject to include the need for more Negro doctors, dentists, and nurses. A Flexner Report, were it written today, would reveal to the country how few good professional schools there are for Negroes. The solution, as one college president explained, is not to have every Southern state attempt to install — on an inadequate budget — a new medical school of its own; far better, he said, that the states should band together to create three or four first-rate medical

units to which each state would contribute its share and to which each would send its most promising students. Then he remarked quizzically, "But your sentimentalists up North would damn this outright because it smelled of segregation. Down here we know the difference between reading a seed catalogue and trying to plant a garden."

There is no doubt that the dual system of education lays a heavy hand on the budgets of Southern states. In South Carolina I asked about the Negro teachers in the Negro schools. There were, I was told, 6000 of them in the state — 6000 teachers, many of them without a B.A. degree. It pleased me to hear that the faculty of Converse College in Spartanburg are holding classes on Saturday for the Negro teachers in their area — classes which are well attended and whose work is recognized by Columbia toward an eventual degree. This is completely voluntary, no money is involved. But you can see what an impetus it would be for a Negro teacher saving up for a summer session in New York.

In Atlanta, where I talked with my friends on the *Atlanta Constitution*, I heard facts and figures which showed how fast and how practically the white politicians are responding to the force of the Negro vote. When a candidate receives 90 per cent of that vote, as did the present mayor of New Orleans, he is conscious of a new following and it proves to be good politics and good democracy to do something about Negro housing, swimming pools, and schools.

At Tallahassee the state university where I spoke had reached an exciting point in its growth. Until very recently it had been a girls' college, one of the best in the South; two years ago it took in a large delegation of GI's and now it is coeducational, with four thousand girls and two thousand men. The faculty has expanded overnight. The English Department, four members some fifteen years ago, now numbers over forty. Music is a specialty here, and the new Music Building is the most perfectly designed and equipped that I have seen on any campus.

Here again the talk came around to graduate studies, for this school will be granting its first Ph.D.'s three years from now. Southerners are sensitive about the paucity of good graduate schools in their home states, for it has meant that their best scholars have gone North or West to take their Ph.D.'s, and inevitably have been attracted to teaching assignments far from home.

At Winthrop College in Rock Hill, South Carolina, I spent some profitable hours with **Hampton Jarrell** of the English Department, whose book *Wade Hampton and the Negro: The Road Not Taken* (Univ. of South Carolina Press, \$4.00) provided the philosophic cement to fix these rapid impressions of mine. "The Road Not Taken" is really a measurement of the course we might have taken had Lincoln and men of his persuasion lived on to cope with the Negro adjustment after the war. It shows how Lincoln's moderation was forgotten in the extremes advocated by Sumner, and how for a decade the Negroes held not political equality but sovereignty in the Carolinas; it shows how this infuriating extremity was checked by the wisdom and character of Wade Hampton, and then how Southern extremists swept away the moderation of his governorship, and how under the leadership of Ben Tillman the door was bolted against the Negro vote. "It has taken us all this time," said Professor Jarrell, "to get near that road again."

The suitor from Hannibal

To read of the lecture hazards of Dickens, Emerson, and Mark Twain is to realize that we who travel the road today in Stratoliners which span the distance from Boston to Houston in nine hours (if the weather be clear) stand less buffeting and get more sleep than our predecessors. In one of his love letters to Livy, Mark Twain gives this description of one lecture assignment in upstate New York: —

"I left Buffalo at 4 P.M. yesterday, & went to Dunkirk, & thence out to Fredonia by horse-car (3 miles), rattled my lecture through, took horse-car again & just caught 9.45 P.M. train bound east — sat up & smoked to Salamanca (12:30) stripped & went to bed in a sleeping car two hours & a half, & then got up & came ashore here at 3 o'clock this morning — & had a strong temptation to lie still an hour or two longer & go to Elmira. But I resisted it. By coming through in the night, I saved myself 2 hours extra travel."

Elmira was the home of Mark's fiancée, Olivia (Livy) Langdon, a sheltered, affectionate daughter of a wealthy family. They first met in 1867 on Mark's return from the voyage in the course of which he had picked up source material for some sidesplitting lectures and his second book, *The Innocents Abroad*. Mark, now in his thirty-second year, was already well enough known as a humorist to rate a \$1600 fee for one talk in San Francisco. To Livy's parents he was a startling and rather unwelcome suitor, and to Livy — ten years his junior — a formidable wild man who was to be taken literally and to be tamed.

The courtship, with its surprising sobriety, its high moral tone — as when Livy made Sam read Beecher's sermons — and its lovely flashes when Sam's irrepressible humor breaks through, is now disclosed for us in *The Love Letters of Mark*

Twain (Harper, \$5.00) — letters which were withheld from publication for nearly half a century and which derive additional warmth from the skillful matrix of their editor, **Dixon Weeter**. Mr. Weeter makes it clear that Sam was no misogynist; as steamboat pilot, gold prospector, and frontier journalist he had his sweethearts, but with a mother and a widowed sister to support, and with a stout sense of financial obligation, Sam couldn't afford to marry until his thirties. The editor also makes it clear that while Sam could be as funny as the devil on a lecture platform, he came from a curiously undemonstrative family. He never saw his own parents kiss each other. "Our village was not a kissing community," Sam wrote. So, of the two, once the love was recognized, it was Livy who was the more ardent.

Sam proposed and Livy turned him down. But in her letters she attempted to "civilize" him and her momentary success drew them closer together. He did read sermons to her; he took the pledge; he smoked less in her presence, and forswore profanity. It was all in the mood, and the mood and its aftermath live again in these letters. When Livy capitulated it was with an affection which really startled Sam: "She poured out her prodigal affections in kisses and caresses, and in a vocabulary of endearments whose profusion was always an astonishment to me. I was born *reserved* as to endearments of speech, and caresses, and hers broke upon me as the summer waves break upon Gibraltar."

The lady who traveled far

In her first book, *This Is My Story*, published in 1937, **Eleanor Roosevelt** cleared away the brambles of her awkward, lonely girlhood; with pathetic clarity she told of her shyness, of her semi-invalidism (for as a girl she wore braces), and of the Victorian education which so little prepared her for her strenuous maturity. Now in *This I Remember* (Harper, \$4.50) she opens the door into the living room of her maturity. She begins by throwing light on those aspects of Franklin's character which she knew better than anyone else.

"Because he disliked being disagreeable," she writes, "he made an effort to give each person who came in contact with him the feeling that he understood what his particular interest was. . . . I know he always gave thought to what people said, but I have never known anyone less really influenced by others." She says that she was supposed to be a great influence on her husband politically, and she explains the sharp limitations to her influence. She tells us how she helped to encourage Franklin back into public life at a time when his mother would have preferred him to be the invalid squire. With dignity and quiet humor she examines the relationship between her mother-in-law, her husband, and herself. She speaks of her children, the great privileges they enjoyed, and the criticism

heaped upon them. She tells why she wanted to earn money and what she did with it ("I left the White House with less cash in my own principal account than I had when I went to Washington"). She speaks of family difficulties and of how the American public never realizes "how much the family of a public man has to pay in lack of privacy for the fact that he is willing to serve his country."

Every American will delight in being taken behind the scenes in the White House, in hearing how this museum which is also a home is managed. It is exhausting to read of Mrs. Roosevelt's five Christmases; it is fun to read of the visits of the King and Queen of England, Queen Wilhelmina, Alexander Woollcott, Winston Churchill, and Molotov. These are the Cinderella chapters of the book.

But those which I value more are the chapters in which Mrs. Roosevelt traces her development not as a hostess but as a worrying American. She has always been a worrier, she says, and now in her maturity she shows us the scope and depth of her concerns. She tells of the trips which she began taking in the early days of the Depression when the Quakers invited her to investigate the conditions in the coal mining towns of West Virginia. She tells of the anguish she went through before she could learn to make an acceptable public speech. ("Why did you give that silly little giggle?" Louis Howe used to ask), and of how in her lecture tours she really began to see this country. She tells of how she protested against the proposal that James act as his father's secretary and of how she was overruled. She tells of her disappointments: the school at Arthurdale was one of them, and the American Youth Congress, which was taken over by the Communists, another. She tells of how she worried about her married children and about her four sons in service and about Franklin's health. As she matured she traveled the country as he never could. Her strength redoubled, and with it came a power of observation and a greater sureness of sympathy. She was in fact as in title the First Lady, and this prose — not always literary, but always strong and clear — explains why.

The animal I am

Incomparably the funniest sight of the year has been provided by **Clare Barnes, Jr.**, in his picture books, *White Collar Zoo* and *Home Sweet Zoo* (Doubleday, \$1.00 each). Mr. Barnes, art director for a large Manhattan advertising agency, while rummaging through a bunch of animal photographs was suddenly reminded of people in his office, and that thought was the genesis of a picture book which is hilarious. The parallel is even more devastating when applied to the home. What gives the idea its originality and its laughter is Mr. Barnes's unerring touch for the perfect caption and the perfect picture. Ingenious flashes of American comedy.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



THE constant reviewer, like the colonial official in the tropics, runs a grave risk either of going native or of playing the great white Raj. He is liable to become infatuated with the flora and fauna of the literary jungle, and find power and beauty, wit and adventure, between the covers of every book. Conversely — like those colonial gentlemen of Maugham's who cling to black dinner jacket and haughty isolation on the tropical outpost — the reviewer may take Flaubert and Tolstoy as his test of fitness, ignore the moderately good, and devote himself to finding fault with the best that is available. This being the season for soul searching, I have tried to check up on my sins in both directions.

Of the white sahib's isolationism I find no evidence, though the reader who has a brief for historical novels and inspirational works — both shunned by this department — may disagree. The sin I feel guilty of has been a form of going native — a tendency to let well-deserved praise become overpraise. This inflationary conduct calls for a resolution to be more austere. On the other hand, only a sadist would fasten on titles that deserve to be pilloried; and only a book-hater could fail to find, out of so large and diversified a field, three or four titles a month worth recommending. These are usually not the books launched with a heavy promotion budget, and some of them will get precious little attention unless reviewers express their approval in no uncertain terms. Every time I look at the best-seller list, it strengthens the temptation not to stint praise on an exceptional novel or distinguished biography that is going to have a hard time reaching five thousand readers.

Journey into the Sahara

Although pledged to austerity, I can't say less of *The Sheltering Sky* (New Directions, \$2.75) than that it seems to me one of the most interesting American novels published in 1949, a complex and subtly wrought piece of work. Two years ago the author, **Paul Bowles**, stepped out of an enviable niche in New York's musical and theatrical community and took off for North Africa. In this first novel of his, the doomsday climate of the modern world is hauntingly reproduced in the landscape of the Sahara, and the tragedy of today's



Photo by Karsh, Ottawa

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—VINCENT SHEEAN, N. Y.
Herald Tribune Book Review

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT'S

This I Remember

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"hollow men" is played out in a strange and terrible adventure story.

Porter Moresby is a young American with enough money to spend most of his time traveling. When he planned an expedition into the Sahara, it was with the subconscious hope that, away from the mechanized world and alone with his wife, Kit, he might break through the intangible barrier that has shut him off from emotional contact with her. At the last minute, though, he invited a friend to join them. For Porter clings to the inner isolation which, he knows, is the basis of his unhappiness; his "glacial deadness" has become the very core around which he has built his being. And the core of Kit's being is fear — fear and haunted fantasy. "We've never managed, either one of us," Porter says to her, "to get all the way into life. We're hanging on to the outside for all we're worth, convinced we're going to fall off at the next bump. . . . I always imagine that I'll be able to penetrate to the interior of somewhere. Usually I get to the suburbs and get lost." The dense inner drama of this couple is dramatically externalized in their journey into the interior of the Sahara, where they lose themselves in an appalling nightmare.

The book's opening in a North African seaport is almost matter-of-fact, but there is a suggestion of mystery and suspended disaster. As the journey gets under way, the atmosphere grows charged with the squalor and the exoticism, the strange intensity and the decay, of the Arab world. The fever that strikes Porter brings fever into the printed page. And finally the story takes on a somnambulistic quality.

The last part of the novel seemed to me to verge on the preposterous. Kit Moresby thumbing a ride to nowhere with an Arab caravan; Kit riding *à deux* on the chieftain's camel clutching her Mark Cross week-end bag; Kit crazed by torrid love-making in Belqassim's harem in the French Sudan — all this smacked of the absurdities of *The Sheik*. Possibly my objections to this fantastic sequence are in part due to a prosaic mind; the reader with a freewheeling imagination may find that it fulfills its surrealistic purpose. Mr. Bowles has certainly written a book which, in the main, bears the hallmarks of real art. He has achieved a changing texture and tone which in themselves state ideas and explore meanings, and

he has given to his topography and incidents a rich symbolic allusiveness.

The music of this novel is that of unfulfillment — of loneliness and terror, guilt and frustration; and some will account it a weakness that there is no answering counterpoint. As for the Arab scene, I can say, having once lived in it, that Bowles imprints it on the reader's senses with vivid fidelity and poetic brilliance — the breathless, dust-laden air and the implacable legions of flies; the sun-drugged stupor of a small town; the dirty hotels with their barefoot servants, their weevils in the soup, and their pervasive odor of latrines; the cafés with hashish smoke hanging in the air and the voice of an Arab crooner pouring from a loud-speaker; the clean smell of mint and wood smoke in a desert oasis; the gardens with their fig trees and tall, swaying stalks of papyrus; the sudden horror of coming face to face with a leper.

Journey into faith

In Sicily (New Directions, \$2.50) is also the record of a "hollow" man's journey into a primitive world. But in this case the happenings are commonplace and the consequences healing: the traveler discovers a faith. The author of this unusual book, **Elio Vittorini**, one of Italy's most highly esteemed novelists, is making his first appearance in this country with the benefit of an introduction by Ernest Hemingway, which doesn't say very much about *In Sicily*. Hemingway's two-page preface celebrates the outdoor life and reiterates his well-known distaste for "New York literary reviews," in which, it so happens, Vittorini's talent was warmly appraised by several indoor types a long time before Mr. Hemingway discovered him.

The narrator of Vittorini's story, Silvestro — a poor linotype operator working in the north of Italy — learns that his father has deserted his mother, who lives in a mountain village in Sicily; he decides to pay her a brief visit, the first since he left home fifteen years earlier. This narrator introduces himself as a man buried alive in emotionless nihilism: "My life was like a blank dream, a quiet hopelessness. That was the terrible part: to believe man to be doomed, and yet to feel no fever to save it. I was calm, unmoved by desires." The traveler who sets off for Sicily is, in effect, an empty vessel, a being without identity, whose dis-

embodied sensibility makes him the perfect receiving instrument.

What follows is a series of conversations: first with the people Silvestro meets on the train, then with his mother and the people of her village. Silvestro accompanies his mother as she goes around giving injections (always of the same drug) to the sick ("a touch of malaria or a touch of consumption"). Later, he gets drunk. He falls asleep in the cemetery and meets a dead soldier, his brother. That is all, and Vittorini makes of it a stirring chronicle of rebirth — rebirth through pity for a hungry peasant; through hearing a landowner speak of "new duties toward men"; through contempt for two Fascist officials; through coming to know his mother as a woman and through contact with his native landscape; through the salty humor of the Sicilians and the metaphysics of a knife-grinder and a saddler who suffer "for the outraged world"; through wine and tears and dreams.

In solidarity with the hungry, the humble, the persecuted, Silvestro rediscovers the identity which civilization has effaced. The void in him is filled with the religion of man, with a deep compassion for suffering humanity.

In Sicily, which was actually written during the late thirties, has been very highly praised on the Continent and in England since the war. In the American context, so far removed from the climate of Fascist Italy, the prophetic coloring will no doubt strike some as naïve and sentimental. There is a hint of a Latin Saroyan in Vittorini, but there is proof he is much more than that. His style — bare realism overlaid with lyricism and Biblical rhetoric — presents another difficulty. Frequently it achieves a simple eloquence and effects that are poetic or extremely humorous (*In Sicily* contains a great deal of wry comedy). At times, though, the writing sounds inexcusably mannered: a parody of Hemingway or of the Old Testament or of both combined. Vittorini's translator, Wilfrid David, has done a difficult job extraordinarily well.

Studies in murder

Compassion for human beings — in particular the ignorant, the dim-witted, the persecuted — is also the guiding principle of **William Faulkner's** Gavin Stevens, the discursive county attorney who has been a

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leading character in Faulkner's tapestry of Yoknapatawpha County. "I am more interested in justice and human beings [than in truth]," Gavin Stevens says in Faulkner's latest book, *Knight's Gambit* (Random House, \$2.75), where he plays the role of detective-sage throughout a cycle of stories hinged on murder. He is a wise and an attractive character, this Harvard graduate "who could discuss Einstein with college professors and who spent whole afternoons among the squatting men against the walls of country stores, talking to them in their idiom." And his outlook and speech give to these stories a unifying tone.

Here are six studies of murder (or attempted murder) in which not the crime but the motive is the thing. If Gavin Stevens is concerned with such clues as cigarette smoke and insurance policies, he is much more concerned with emotions and loyalties stretching into the past. Thus in each story the "solution" is not essentially the explanation of a crime but the explanation of a personality. And the human mysteries are unraveled by a storyteller who goads the imagination — gives and withholds — with a virtuosity which continually heightens curiosity and excitement.

In "Monk" the mystery centers on the motive of a cretin who kills the man he worships; in "Tomorrow" on the motive of a quiet little farmer who hangs a jury that wishes (justifiably) to free a man charged with homicide. A steely, self-possessed character deliberately gets himself jailed for murder — and then escapes from jail. Gavin Stevens clears up this enigma in "An Error of Chemistry," unfortunately with the aid of a standard detective story prop, a weakness also present in the climax of "Smoke." In the novelette which gives the book its title, the mystery is found to connect up with the detective himself. The unemotional, white-haired sage is revealed as a lover, and then is happily married off to a wealthy boyhood sweetheart.

Knight's Gambit is Faulkner in a relatively sunny mood: justice usually comes out on top and goodness is found in men. To Faulkner's *aficionados*, this book will be minor stuff but it should gain him new disciples. For in these stories he has imposed some check on his penchant for interminable sentences and on his tendency to be obscure.

While on the subject of murder, I

should like to pay my respects to H. E. Bates's brief novel, *Dear Life* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$2.00), a masterly melodrama told in superlative prose. Bates's tough, sordid story poignantly spotlights the tragedy of a young girl of the English slums, Laura, whose life has been fatally scarred by the war. Her father was killed in the bombing, and now she lives in the basement of a ruined building with her shrewish mother, a gross and sadistic stepfather, and a crazy uncle. To escape this horror, she teams up with a dashing ex-sailor, who accosts her one night on the street; and she finds herself the partner of a killer. From here on, the story is a single spasm of violence and terror — a hypnotic piece of writing.

Reprint roundup

Perhaps the most important development in American publishing during the forties has been the spectacular boom in reprints. Not only has a whole new world of low-priced reprints come into being — a world of mass production which has shown remarkably good taste and often real daring in its choice of titles — but there has also been a great expansion in the volume and variety of reprints at standard prices — new editions of famous classics, of classics that are little read, of "modern classics" that have gone out of print, of foreign masters (sometimes freshly translated); and an ever widening range of "omnibuses," "readers," and "portables" of masters old and new. The reprint houses have, in fact, set a fashion. More and more of the regular publishers are launching into reprint projects or stepping up the output of existing projects.

Simon and Schuster, for instance, has just brought out *The Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman* (\$5.00), edited by Louis Untermeyer, and an extremely handsome edition of *The Pickwick Papers* (\$5.00). The latter is embellished with two hundred spirited illustrations and with end papers showing the peregrinations of the Pickwick Club. It is also fortified with a chart identifying each of the characters and with a long introduction by Clifton Fadiman, who edited this volume, using the Nonesuch Press text. Mr. Fadiman has thrown in, as a bonus, three chapters from Dickens's *Master Humphrey's Clock*, in which many of the Pickwickians appear. Two other pleasant items for

Dickensians are the Oxford University Press's new editions of *A Tale of Two Cities* (\$3.00), with sixteen of the original illustrations by "Phiz"; and of *Bleak House* (\$3.50), with forty "Phiz" illustrations and an introduction by Sir Osbert Sitwell.

The past fifteen months have been a boom period for Melville. In addition to several new biographical and critical works about him, they have produced reprints of *Pierre* (Hendricks House, \$5.00), *Piazza Tales* (Hendricks House, \$3.50), *Billy Budd* (Harvard, \$5.00), and *Moby-Dick* (Oxford, \$3.50); and *The Complete Stories of Herman Melville* (Random House, \$4.00), edited and with an introduction by Jay Leyda.

Nineteen-fifty is likely to witness some sort of Balzac boom, this being the hundredth anniversary of his death. Anyone inspired to reread him had better have a care as to the English edition he or she picks out, since some of the old translations are atrocious (I've just suffered through one of *Lost Illusions*). Two of Balzac's greater works — *Cousin Bette* and *The Fatal Skin* — are now available in an inviting format (and sound translation) in the Pantheon Press's year-old "Novel Library." These books fit into a coat pocket, yet they are clearly printed and attractively bound. Among other titles in the series are Tolstoy's *Resurrection*, Gogol's *Dead Souls*, Henry James's *The Awkward Age*, and Jane Austen's *Emma* (all \$1.75). Another new library of classics — A. A. Wyn's "Mermaid Series" of English dramatists — now runs to seven titles: *Christopher Marlowe*, *Ben Jonson*, *Webster & Tourneur*, *George Farquar*, *John Vanbrugh*, *William Congreve*, and *William Wycherley* (all \$3.00). Meanwhile, the Viking Press has come up with four new "Portables" (\$2.00) — *The Portable Charles Lamb* edited by John Mason Brown; *The Portable John Milton* edited by Douglas Bush (who includes both *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*); *The Portable Chaucer* edited by Theodore Morrison; and *The Portable Medieval Reader* edited by James Bruce Ross and Mary Martin McLaughlin.

Even this sketchy sampling of the reprint list suggests that American publishers are serving literature rather better than is generally conceded. If they sometimes print and ballyhoo the worst, they now also busily reprint the best.

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Potpourri

MALE AND FEMALE by Margaret Mead. Morrow, \$5.00.

An admirable introduction to anthropology, and one that integrates it closely with psychoanalytic concepts. Miss Mead's "study of the sexes in a changing world" is completely accessible to the layman, and, to the interested layman, completely fascinating. This is a big, crowded—perhaps overcrowded—book, which sets out to answer the question: "How are men and women to think about their maleness and femaleness in the twentieth century, in which so many of our old ideas must be made new?" The first half analyzes the mores of seven primitive societies, the second analyzes the condition of the "two sexes in contemporary America." They seem to be doing rather badly. We have a lot to learn from the Samoans.

MASTERPIECES OF SCULPTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART by Charles Seymour, Jr. Coward-McCann, \$9.75.

This magnificent volume presents 284 photographic illustrations of sculpture in the National Gallery of Art, exemplifying "aspects of the western tradition" from the thirteenth century to Rodin. Among the artists represented are Ghiberti, Donatello, Desiderio Da Settignano, Mino Da Fiesole, Verrocchio, and Cellini. Mr. Seymour, Curator of Sculpture at the National Gallery, contributes an analysis of each work and a selective bibliography. The photography and printing are superlative.

MAUPASSANT: A LION IN THE PATH by Francis Steegmuller. Random House, \$5.00.

Mr. Steegmuller's critical biography seemed to me to have one weakness—a lack of stylistic distinction—and a great many important qualities. The author has both the tact and the candor required to deal effectively with his subject's fascinating and scandalous career, with its sexual excesses and its terrible battle against syphilis. Moreover Mr. Steegmuller is both an illuminating student of character and a literary critic with a mind of his own and an acute one.

Two points deserve to be singled out. The underlying theme of Maupassant's work—the humiliation of woman—is shown to reflect the shock caused by his mother's enforced separation from her dissolute husband: a hurt which explains, and was voluminously avenged in, Maupassant's almost invariable portrayal of husbands as brutes or fools and always as cuckolds. More importantly, perhaps, Mr. Steegmuller shows us the fallacy of the legend that Maupassant is a specialist of the "trick" ending.

The book contains four hitherto un-

published short stories by Maupassant, and exposes as fakes sixty-five stories published in American editions of Maupassant's works.

THE ISLANDS OF UNWISDOM by Robert Graves. Doubleday, \$3.50.

The erudite and heterodox Mr. Graves has written another historical novel which, of course, is *sui generis*, though it contains the customary ingredients of the costume romance. As a matter of fact, the book shows that a poet and superior literary craftsman such as Graves can make the confectioners of synthetic historical fiction look like sissies when it comes to dishing out passion, high adventure, and deeds bloody and most foul.

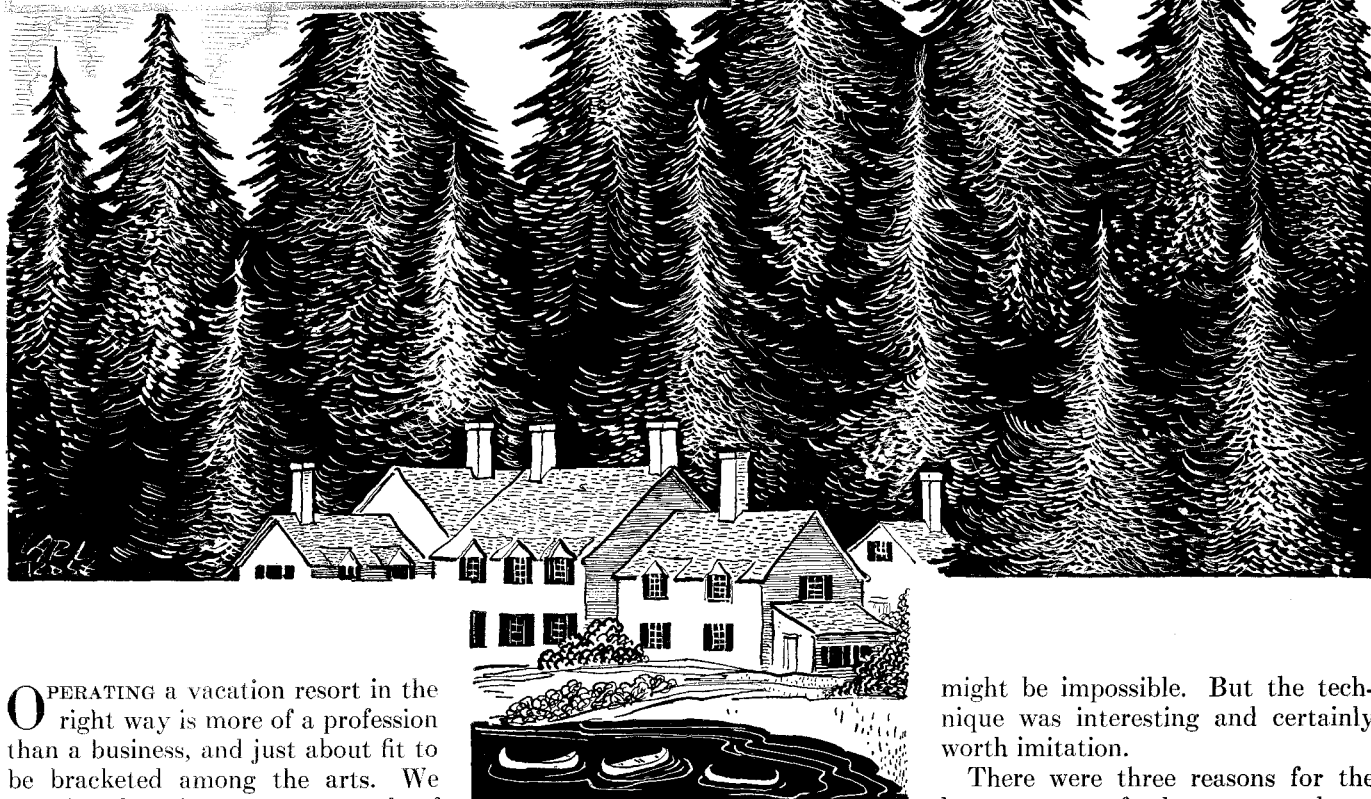
The high adventure is that of a flotilla which set sail from Peru in 1595 in search of gold and conquest in the Solomons for Philip II of Spain. The passion's storm center is the wife of the flotilla's commander, Ysabel Barreto, a career girl who wound up as the only woman admiral in the Spanish Navy, thanks to her promotional talent in the then fiercely competitive murder business. Starvation, plague, and the ineffable savageries inflicted on the Pacific natives keep the atmosphere lurid enough to satisfy the most demanding armchair sadist. Graves documents his story from diaries and other records never translated into English; and, as usual, he contributes some fascinating footnotes to history.

THE ROCK POOL by Cyril Connolly. New Directions, \$1.50.

This novel first appeared in 1936 under the imprint of a press in Paris which specialized in books that American and British publishers had found too hot to handle. Mr. Connolly wrote it after a decade of reviewing, to spike his fears that the maxim "Those who can't teach!" might apply to him. If *The Rock Pool* suggests that Connolly the critic outranks the novelist, it also proves that he can turn out a superior and entertaining piece of fiction.

The story depicts the decline and fall of a snobbish young Oxonian with literary pretensions, who meets up with a group of Bohemians in a shabby resort on the Riviera. At first the hero tells himself, patronizingly, that he will study the community like a rock pool and get a book out of its singularly raffish mores. Instead he is swiftly dragged into the pool's mysterious, predatory life. He is hypnotized by its denizens, whom he finds at once atrocious and strangely beautiful, and who lacerate his feelings, plunder him, and leave him utterly demoralized, a Pernod-sodden derelict. Mr. Connolly has sketched in sharp outline a truly exotic assortment of characters, most of them sublimely decadent. The magic of the Riviera landscape somehow heightens the demoniacal atmosphere, and the action progresses with a giddy acceleration.

ACCENT ON LIVING



OPERATING a vacation resort in the right way is more of a profession than a business, and just about fit to be bracketed among the arts. We mentioned in these pages a couple of years ago a Florida refuge where everything was perfect. Its touchstone was a hot sandwich offered, with other things, for the Thursday night beach picnic; a sandwich not of hamburger — which would have been fully acceptable — but instead a thick slice of beef tenderloin. The tariff was fairly expensive, but at any price one would have got a prodigious run for the money.

The main standard for judging a resort, restaurant, or hotel is in that phrase “a run for the money.” At the right sort of place you get it; at others — and it matters not whether the prices are high or low — you don’t.

If the Florida establishment was a great bargain, it was slightly in the manner of a \$700 transatlantic passage: delightful stuff and a good value if you can stand the price. I happened last summer on a totally different kind of resort, a terrific run for the money and at just about negligible prices. It was Nova Scotian, a

THIS MONTH

tiny old-fashioned hotel with twenty-six cabins, located at the edge of a wilderness on a chain of lakes. American Plan rates were \$25 a week for one of the eight or ten rooms in the hotel, or \$32 a week for the cabins. The trout fishing was just as good as Florida’s game fishing; there was only one tennis court but it was impeccably maintained; and in every respect the Canadian retreat made good on its commitments just as handsomely as the Florida establishment had done.

I mention all this not because the Canadian place was so inexpensive, but because of the wisdom, the ingenuity, and the common sense which made it that way. It was in the hands of the third generation of its proprietors; and to open up a new place with all these qualities in full force

might be impossible. But the technique was interesting and certainly worth imitation.

There were three reasons for the low rates: no food was wasted, no payroll went for nonessential services, and temptations to “modernize” (and thereby spoil) the property were opposed by guests and management alike.

It took me a day or two to get the hang of the menu. “White Bread or Brown Bread — *to order*” meant what it said; an “order” brought one slice of bread, and if you wanted two slices you had to ask for two. “Rolls” similarly meant one roll. Portions were small; yet the variety was ample and the country cooking correct, the pies and desserts incomparably the best I have ever tasted. Young garden vegetables, day-old eggs, home-baked bread (which produced wonderful toast for breakfast), and soup, meat, and fish at midday and evening made up as hearty a table as one could wish. It would have been unmannerly as well as foolish to waste this kind of food, and I noticed that none of it went back to the kitchen. Ordering what

you wanted and getting it and no more, you were not financing the enormous waste common to most American restaurants.

"Service" consisted of the dining-room waitress; a "cabin girl" who made the beds, polished the lamp chimneys, and housecleaned thoroughly every morning; and a chore boy who kept the woodpile high with rock maple chunks and fragrant birch. In all other matters the guests looked after themselves.

They pumped their own drinking water into tall metal pitchers from a well. Each cabin had a toilet and lavatory, but hot water came from a kettle in the fireplace. For a bathing-trunks life in the sun, this was quite all right, with a hot tub in the main building for those who passed up swimming in the lake.

For convenience and again for cutting out needless services, the guests' outdoor icebox was much to the point: a stout wooden chest about 10 feet long, half filled with 200-pound cakes of ice. Here the guests stored their own ale and beer, and here they chopped out their own ice for cocktails or highballs — no push buttons, but no waiting and no tips. There were no telephones, no electricity in the cabins, and hence no expensive plant and equipment on which returns had to be earned. There were no outboards on the lake, since the hotel will not traffic with anyone who insists on an outboard; no radios, either. The woodland paths were pitch-dark after nightfall, but the guests were all in bed and asleep by 9.30 anyhow. Complete absence of ragweed was thrown in. All in all,

with the Canadian dollar at a 10 per cent discount, a very sound run for the money indeed.

I have no idea what land fetches in the Maritime Provinces, but it must be cheap. There are hundreds of miles of spectacular seacoast with scarcely a fisherman's cottage in sight. A carpenter, they told me in Nova Scotia, gets about 80 cents an hour, and lumber is in huge local supply. A summer home ought to cost only a minor fraction of what it would on this side of the border. If *Accent on Living* readers can bear with a few words more on this last matter — the Border and the joint Canadian-American play-acting at making an international barrier out of it — I'll have a further report next month.

CHARLES W. MORTON

FISHING WITH THE FRENCH

by O. L. HALL

Formerly one of the proprietors of the Chicago Journal, O. L. HALL was instructor and lecturer at the Northwestern University School of Journalism. He is now living in New York.

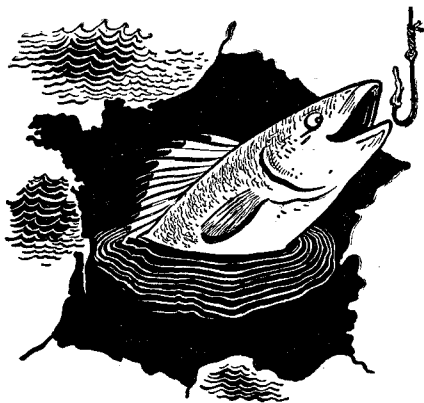
THE French fisherman is full of the lore of stream and canal — his country is crisscrossed by a great system of barge waterways — and he knows, or believes he knows, the habits and even the thoughts of every species of fish, some of which he credits with many tricks and unholy deceptions.

He carries his tackle in a basket or wrapped in an old newspaper. The basket is the more convenient container, for along with the tackle and bait can be stowed a bottle of wine of the region, a hunk of bread, and a bit of the local cheese.

The man who is off to the smaller, swifter, rocky streams, particularly in the Auvergne Mountains, carries as well a hoop net with a short rope attached. This net is sunk in the stream with a small piece of meat in the center, usually horse meat snatched from his own dinner table. If the fish are not biting he discards his shoes and wades the water above and below the net to stir up the crayfish and allow the net to rest till the crayfish begin feeding on the meat. I

have seen a fisherman take home a gallon of *écrevisses*, which are transformed by his wife into a bisque that, flavored with thyme, rosemary, bay leaves, and a good old sherry, is a celebration for any palate.

Gudgeon is caught by strictly following the rites, done from a flatboat anchored to a sand bar, preferably in the middle of a river. The really



serious fisherman has nailed a pair of shoes to the ends of broomsticks. When he "walks" them along the sandy bar, the gudgeon obligingly rush in great numbers to see where all the commotion in the cloudy water comes from.

Fishermen whose thrifty wives will not permit the sacrifice of shoes bring along an ordinary homemade broom of willow or poplar twigs bound together. This, too, works with gratify-

ing results on the curious gudgeon. Apparently forgetting to look for the point of the small hook, they quickly take the bait, though threading two steamed grains of wheat on a hook is no job for an impatient man. ("But only two grains on each hook, *mon ami*, but two grains only. And do not split the hull and not the least bit of the point of the hook must show, for *le goujon* has the very sharp eye and also he is most wary.") They are cooked like whitebait — toss them into a pan with plenty of olive oil or fresh unsalted butter or, best of all, peanut oil.

For the week or ten days preceding the great day when Gallic ingenuity is to cope with piscatorial cunning, a sheep's head has been hanging in the sun from the low limb of an apple tree — at considerable distance from any house. An apple tree is favored because the fisherman says more houseflies and blowflies buzz through it than in any other kind. Beneath the sheep's head is a pan containing bran. Into the bran fall the overfed maggots and these are carefully hoarded.

A handful of unground wheat must be steamed till soft; a handful of cherries or strawberries must be chopped, not too fine, for color; then a half round of overaged and highly odoriferous Camembert cheese must be brought out of hiding. (In France the soft cheeses, such as Camembert and

Brie, are sold only between October and May, and last year's cheese has a fragrance never wafted by any perfumed breeze of Araby.) Angeworms are added to the collection of materials, and a few pounds of clay.

These ingredients are painstakingly mixed and molded into balls about the size of a tennis ball. They are the *amorce*, the lure expected to be taken by any fish in any running water.

The fisherman visits his stream at sundown, finds a spot where the water flows deeply along the bank. The *amorce* is carefully lowered into the water over a considerable distance. Where American salt-water fishermen chum the fishing pots, in France the fresh water is chummed, for to *amorce* a fishing pole is to chum it. The current is trusted to disintegrate slowly the balls of clay; the fruit and cheese and angworms float downstream. It is presumed that the fish, coming upon all this food headed downstream, take out upstream to meet the feast. Having reached the source of the *amorce*, the fish halt for the night.

After depositing this banquet, the fisherman leaves his pole lying on the bank to notify all comers that the spot is engaged for the next day. And he will happily hurry back there next morning with full assurance that his pole will be where he left it and with the hope that fish of many species will have swum upstream to greet him.

However, *amorce*, like some other things in life, does not always pay off. It sometimes happens that another fisherman will have planted his farther upstream and lured the fish farther upcurrent. This is regarded as a very dirty trick and exceedingly unsportsmanlike.

I used to go fishing at Pont-sur-Yonne, southeast of Paris, an ancient country town on the Yonne River, one of the confluent of the Seine. I lodged there at a little inn across the river from the town, often occupying the room once inhabited by the then obscure painter, Toulouse-Lautrec. He paid for his room and board with what would now be a great fortune in pictures; and following the traditional fashion, the landlady moaned her distress at not having preserved a single canvas.

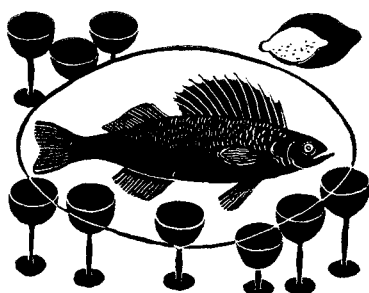
In addition to serving fine fare from her kitchen she was her own barmaid in her *bistro* and a hostess of local renown. She would gather on the night of my arrival the town's fishermen — the tender of the lock which lowered or lifted the barges past the Yonne River water chute, the canemaker, the weaver of tin funeral wreaths, the mayor, the cobbler.

They came to inspect my American and British tackle. I owned one four-ounce bait-casting rod, made by my own hands, that was a piece of jewelry, and I also carried a

few plugs, spoons, spinners, and flies and my No. 4 Louisville reel that still runs like a great Swiss watch. The French, good mechanics, appreciated the perfection of this splendid reel but they laughed loudly when I exhibited my plug. They warned me that no fish under the Tricolor was fool enough to attempt to eat a block of shiny wood.

I usually fished as they did, with their tackle, admitting amiably that they knew more about their fish than I did. But one day I carried my own equipment, chiefly to gratify their curiosity as to how it was managed. The tackle included a single plug, a black floating-diving lure with which I had taken some pretty good muskellunge and northern pike in remote spots of Wisconsin and Michigan. After fishing with the wreathmaker and cobbler with their tackle for an hour or so, I remarked that there should be some patches of rushes on the inside shallow curve of the river about a quarter mile downstream. We all went down. They decided to try my tackle.

After a stiff lesson in casting for half an hour, during which neither of my companions had succeeded in getting the plug more than five feet from the bank, I took over. "There should be pike in those rushes," I suggested. I made my first cast downstream to straighten my line. On the second cast I laid the plug beyond the rushes and brought it back at moderate speed about three feet from the growth. Around fifty feet from shore I had a swift and heavy strike. The water boiled. I brought the fish past the rushes to the screamed advice of the two, who ran up and down the bank as if crazy, grabbing sticks and



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rocks with which they bombarded the water. The cobbler slipped down the bank and then tried to grab the pike by the tail. The pike would have none of him. I finally landed my catch.

This was a very nice pike, weighing just under fourteen pounds. Its capture ended that day's fishing. The wreathmaker caught it in his arms and started for the town on a run, unreeling my line and dragging it after him. The cobbler prayed for the right to carry my plug. We all made the mile to the inn in nothing flat.

It was the largest pike ever caught in those waters. Everyone admitted that. Leaving their vermouth-cassis, they all gathered around. The plug shared attention with the fish. "It is true, myself I saw it," the cobbler declared. "The American triumphed over our pike with this piece of wood!" The wreathmaker sustained him.

When I handed the prize over to the landlady to be cooked, everyone gave her voluble instructions. She prepared it with a bread dressing, flavored it with a dozen herbs, and baked it in a pitcherful of the tangy white wine of Beaune. Then when it was nearly done, she larded it with bacon. There was a white sauce with a base of Beaune, picked up with chopped anchovies and capers and ripe olives.

We were all just sitting down to it when the mayor arrived. He had hustled over to the inn on hearing the news. The plug was shown him and the magic it had performed repeated.

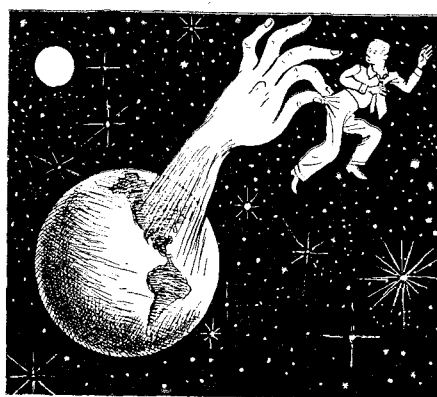
He took it and weighed it in his hand. Then he put it disdainfully down on the table. "*Mes amis*," he said, "it was an American deception, that, practiced on an innocent and trusting French fish."



EXTRA PAY FOR OVERSLEEPING

by HUGHES MEARNS

At night the rent goes on like day;
And if it's mortgage, still we pay;
Our food digests, and food's not cheap —
Let's strike for wages while we sleep!



YOU AND —

by HOWARD HAYES

HOWARD HAYES has worked on newspapers in Detroit and Paris and now lives in New York. He is a frequent contributor to the Atlantic.

THE popular magazines and the radio are always running little informative sketches called "You and —": "You and Your Heart," "You and Your Dog," "You and the Russians," "You and Your Kitchen Sink," and so forth.

This seemed like a good vehicle for any writer, so I began to look around for some subjects. All you had to do was take a subject, put "You and" before it, and then spill whatever odds and ends of information or opinion came into your head. I could see myself knocking out these "You and" pieces by the dozen and raking in the money.

Yes, this was fine, except for one thing — some other clever fellows had already grabbed all the "You and" subjects I could think of.

They had already done "You and" on every last one of our innards. There wasn't a gland or an organ in the body from scalp to heels that hadn't been "You and"-ed. There wasn't anything around home either that hadn't been treated.

Then of course there were whole series on "You and" every possible aspect of success, whether commercial, social, or amatory.

My wife and I one day sat down and tried to draw up a list of things that hadn't been "You and"-ed either on the radio or in magazines, newspapers, or books. We got exactly nowhere.

And then a strange thing happened.

My wife brought me a glass of tomato juice and set it on the corner of my desk. Accidentally I knocked

it over. As the juice spread over the rug a great light suddenly lighted in my brain.

"Gravity!" I yelled at my wife. "'You and Gravity!' Has anybody done that one?"

She didn't think so and I didn't think so, so I went to work instantly.

YOU AND GRAVITY

by HOWARD HAYES

Do you know that gravity is one of Nature's greatest forces? Do you know that it is around you and even inside you every minute of the day? Do you know that gravity is pulling at you, tugging at you, trying to drag you down, from the moment you awake in the morning till you tumble into bed at night?

Gravity is Nature's way of bringing the apples down out of the trees. Sir Isaac Newton found out about that, didn't he? Gravity also makes the snowballs roll downhill, and it holds your loose change to the bottom of your pocket. You couldn't play baseball without gravity to pull the ball down out of the sky and land it in the fielder's glove. You couldn't play tennis or golf, or even ping-pong.

You and gravity are so close, so inseparable, so hopelessly intertwined and interdependent, that you couldn't even get down to the office in the morning without gravity to help you.

[I particularly like that note about "getting down to the office." Every "You and" piece has something in it about "getting down to the office."]

You couldn't run your kitchen as you do and cook those delightful meals for all the family if it weren't for the law of gravity. The potatoes wouldn't stay in the pot, and the pot wouldn't stay on the fire; in fact, you yourself couldn't even stay in the kitchen if it weren't for that good old law of gravity.

[That is the other side from "getting down to the office." Never neglect the home and its problems. Remember the women do more reading and spend more of the nation's income than the men.]

I've got about two more pages of this, all stuff that you'd never think of by yourself. My wife is handing me suggestions on slips of paper — the way news bulletins are handed to radio announcers who are on the air. "You and Gravity" is going to knock your hat off, if ever it gets published.

ACCENT ON LIVING



SENDINGS

by VICTORIA LINCOLN

VICTORIA LINCOLN is the author of three novels and is known also for her short fiction and magazine writing.

I CAME down to the kitchen a few years ago and told the cook that I had just dreamed of her husband in Ireland. She paled and seized my hand. "Tell me the truth," she said. "Don't keep anything back. How was he looking?" "Just fine," I replied. "Wonderful. He was the picture of health." "Thank God," she exclaimed, "and may he keep so."

Being in analysis at the time, I was working a different system, but with people in my business the willing suspension of disbelief usually comes easy. The White Queen would never have to pity me; I can handily accept both Freud and the Celtic twilight before breakfast. "Yes," I said again; "nice new suit, too."

And when Delia was superseded by a colored girl who could never remember her dreams, I was delighted to supply her from the only too vivid harvest of my own, by means of which she made quite a tidy sum playing the numbers. After all, my dreams were costing me plenty every week, and it was nice to feel that in the general economy they could be turned to account. It balanced things.

Sophie, the numbers player, had reason to congratulate herself on having come to the right house. The children and I all go to bed and start talking a blue streak. Even my husband, who tends to forget his visions, and specializes instead on insomnia, comes out with an occasional pronouncement; and he has grown so indifferent to my chatter that he pays it no mind at all. Sometimes I wake myself, and wonder what I was saying, particularly when I have been reading aloud in my sleep, which I do

a good deal; but if I question him he will only reply mildly, "Lord, I was thinking about something else, dear."

When I hear myself, I am usually gratified. I have remembered over the years a line from one of those books; a stage direction which I was reading in a singularly precise and overlegant voice: "The melancholy Pierrot is knocking the tops from the talcum-powder bottles."

I get a good deal of poetry read that way. I have learned, of course, that the morning brings another light, but still a line is occasionally so compelling that I am forced to reach for pencil and flashlight to set it down. A recent lyric came with an intensity of insight, a meaningfulness that illuminated the whole human scene. It celebrated the familiar ritual of reversing the bark, inside out, on the near-by trees in spring as a symbol of the renewing life, and as I set down the strong final couplet I nearly wept for joy: —

Ah, run with me from tree to tree and
turn the bark again!
Yea, we will run from tree to tree and
turn the bark again.

That happiness of aesthetic satisfaction mated with understanding was once mine for a full twenty-four hours. The pronouncement came to me under ether, and for all that exquisite time I lay bathed in bliss, knowing and at peace. I knew, and it was a fact, that I might die; but I also knew that I didn't give a hoot, because my life was fulfilled. For me, the veil was rent. And then I began to come back; the words didn't mean quite as much as they had . . . not quite . . . ah, fading . . . and finally, loss unimaginable, I had to face it: they didn't mean a mortal thing. The sense of revelation, however, was so strong that I am moved to hand the words on to you in the hope that you may be able (like Sophie) to do more with them than I can. "Not to become," I was saying over and over, "not to become, but to become of, O Zed."

The melting of poems and prophecies, I can bear — my day is always quick enough to manufacture its new illusions. The hardest disappointment is always the discovery that the line which was so funny isn't funny.

I never laughed so hard as I did when I read a certain story in a dream issue of the *New Yorker*. In my effort not to wake my husband, I was choking into my handkerchief as I got out

of bed. The tears of laughter were pouring down my cheeks as I fumbled for the pencil. Only a word or two, I thought, would be enough to let me reconstruct it. Everyone would laugh, but there was only one person in the world, I knew, who would think it was as funny as I did. As I set it down, I was whispering to myself, between strangled snorts, "This will *kill* James Thurber."

Alas, I overestimated my powers of memory. The memorandum, while evocative to a degree in its own right, was not complete. "Sears and Rusk," it said, tersely; "Sawbucks and Rearbucks: Chinese story about Sears Roebuck."

On the Endicott side, my family has always laid claim to the second sight. Prophetic dreams and daytime previsionings are, in our household saga, as common as a head cold. But whether the temper of the times is against such goings on, or whether I am too densely mixed with baser clay, I lack the gift; on the tripod, I am a total flop. I have had, however, in my lifetime, two prophetic dreams, both of such wanton lack of importance as to show a singular misdirection of emphasis on the part of the power that sent them.

I once dreamed that a submarine was moored by a bridge on which there stood an imitation clock; I went aboard and got green paint on my



shoes. I can produce no witnesses for this one — it wasn't worth repeating — but take my word for it that shortly thereafter my husband, my children, and I were on a vacation; we crossed a bridge on which stood a wooden clockface, the hands set to the time of the next high tide; and on the far side of the bridge a sign announced: U.S.N. Submarine *Sawfish* [or some such name] Open for Public Inspection.

In sheer terror, I heard the children shriek with delight and felt my husband stop the car. "I dreamed about

this place," I kept telling them, wildly. "Don't go. I tell you, I dreamed about it."

Sensibly, they suggested that I soak my head, and went right along. I sat in the car and waited for a sailor to come running through the lot, crying disaster. A chilly wind had come up an hour before and my oldest child had complained that her hands were cold. Mine were warm, and I had given her my gloves. Now they were cold enough, and I sat nursing them in my pockets, waiting in terror.

At last they came back, all smiling but one. "I'm awful sorry, Mama," she said. "There was fresh green paint on the rail and I wrecked your gloves."

Grateful as I tried to be for the warning, I could only feel, and still do, that I never heard of a worse piece of officious foolishness. After all, they were fabric gloves, and not even new.

"All right," I said, angrily to the surrounding air, "you proved it, and so what? Climb a tree!"

I suppose, indeed I hope, that I sent it into a fit of the sulks, because it only came back once again, and that after several years. Then I dreamed not once, but on four successive nights, that we came one late afternoon to a white-shingled, ugly Edwardian house at the top of a high bank, approached by a flight of stairs. An old man in riding breeches, a bald, withered old man whom I had never seen before, opened the door and called me by name. Well . . .

The furniture van had not arrived when we got to the new house in the new town. An acquaintance said that the hotel on the main street was noisy, and suggested a tourist home, run by an elderly couple whom he knew. "Odd old bird," he said vaguely; "ideas about the world being against him. Nice, though; very nice wife; nice place."

And I walked right up those long stairs and rang that bell, and the little man



in riding breeches opened the door and looked at me with that remembered sidelong glance that might have been shyness or craft and said, "Mrs. Lowe? Dr. Wyman just called me about you. We can give you two double rooms."

Paranoid, I thought quietly. It will be in the papers by morning. Professor, Wife, Children Slain. I walked in without a word. I have never been a fatalist, but for that once I knew, completely, that the cards were stacked.

"This is that house I kept dreaming about," I told my husband as I took out my toothbrush. "You remember . . . when I said at breakfast, 'This is getting monotonous.'"

"I telephoned Boston again before I came upstairs," he replied unhelpfully. "The van had called in. Break-down near Schenectady; be here about nine, they think."

I brushed my teeth, though it seemed a little futile. I suppose that through the night I slept occasionally, but the greatest efforts of angry common sense could not rid my mind of one clear, persistent image. The old man was down in the kitchen standing by the sink. His face wore a still, open smile, shockingly innocent and at peace with itself, and with the side of his thumb he gently tested the sharpness of a heavy butcher's knife.

"What's the matter?" said my husband, looking at me sympathetically, next morning. "Headache?" "I couldn't sleep."

"Too bad. You must have done my homework for me. I slept straight through."

The enormity of the whole thing rushed over me in a wave. "The tomfoolery!" I cried. "The damned impertinence. And not even a dirty old glove!" I guess people get used to me if they stay around long enough. My husband just went right on dressing.



MEN NEVER MAKE PASSES...

by RHIE THOMAS

Southern-bred, RHIE THOMAS now lives in Winnetka, Illinois, with her husband and two young sons.

TWENTY years ago, designers and manufacturers of eyeglasses were primarily concerned with aiding or correcting defective vision. Women wore pretty much the same styles as men: round or oblong lenses rimmed with gold, silver, tortoise shell, or dark-colored ersatz. There was a rimless variety considered more choice, and if a bespectacled beauty of the day wanted to be real swish, she could have tiny rimless glasses clutching the bridge of her nose and leashed to a spring button by a thin gold or silver chain.

But things were generally tough all over for my sisters under the glass, and slinking in their conscious and subconscious was the saying, "Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses." Fond relatives were forever clucking in corners, "It's a shame about Emma, she'd really be a beauty, only . . ." The fact that one's maiden aunts crocheted grimly behind glittering nose glasses didn't help a bit.

I joined the ranks of these doomed creatures at the age of eight when it became painfully apparent to my mother that she had a nearsighted girl-child on her hands. Gone were her dreams of a daughter in white organdy languidly trailing a camellia from a canoe. Never would I hear the sweet music of a long, low whistle.

Peering owl-eyed through those first black-rimmed spectacles, I was happily oblivious of their future social implications. They lent a certain amount of prestige in dramatic play (I was always the schoolteacher), and although they were a slight deterrent in a rock fight, they didn't affect my prowess at cops-'n'-robbers.

IN THE LAND OF THE STRIPES AND STARS

by FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

YOUR dollar bottom I would bet it
If you order Eggs and Ham you won't get it;
And you can whistle for a dozen moons
Before you'd get Prisms and Prunes;
And it also is terribly risky
To ask the bartender for soda and whiskey.
But you don't catch our table in the ruts —
Last night at dinner we had raisins and nuts.

In the sixth grade, I began to see what was in store. Despite my obvious handicap, I had contracted a violent crush on the president of the Safety Council. Femininity had set in to such a degree that I began to trade wildly great quantities of my best Clark Gable and William Powell pictures for the privilege of swapping shoes with my best friend. My sensible brown school oxfords were exchanged each day (a good two blocks from home) for her tan lizard pumps with heels fully an inch high. I didn't see how my beknickered knight in his white Sam Browne belt could possibly resist me. He did. He named me "Four Eyes." Oh tragedy supreme! Now I knew. Who'd ever spin the bottle my way?

I threatened to throw myself out the window if I didn't get rimless glasses immediately. I assured my mother that the advertisements said they were "practically invisible." By draping myself about the house in tragic poses and calling forth an abundance of tears, I finally persuaded her. What a snare and delusion those rimless glasses turned out to be! They were just about as invisible as a wart on the nose and I was still no prize at post office.

My rimless horrors went through high school in my purse. Life was just one big hazy blur as I wandered about corridors with a vague smile on my face (just in case I bumped into somebody I knew). I walked spang into locker doors, misjudged the number of steps consistently and fell flat on my face, cheered wildly at football games that were only a confused tangle of streaking colors. But I was happy. My greatest worry in those days was how to whip out my glasses nonchalantly at the movies without cooling the ardor of my date.

By college I had acquired the latest fad — plastic frames carefully lacquered with nail polish. In these I considered myself a classroom cat's miaow, but I still carefully removed them for Coke dates. By that time I could be as quick with the "What kind of girl do you think I am, anyhow?" as the next one, and I wanted plenty of opportunities.

Now that I'm the mother of two,

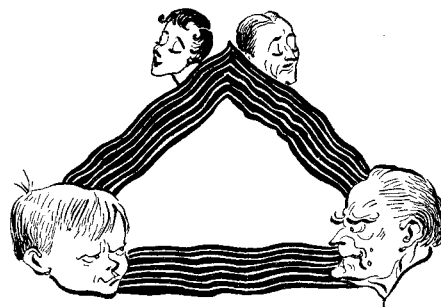
I have been sucked in by the newest development in the optical world — bright-colored plastic frames. This is the result of some careful planning by the optical companies for a New Look in the eyeglass world. One of their sleuths with an eye to the key-hole has come up with a startling fact. Men *do*! The ball has begun to roll with alarming speed. Females who used to bump into mailboxes and squint at store windows are now burgeoning out in frames of every conceivable shape, size, and hue. Plaid-framed adolescent eyes, which once wouldn't have dared, now gaze unfalteringly over a soda at the captain of the football team. Periodicals abound with articles of the "So You Wear Glasses" and "Your Glasses Are an Important Fashion Accessory" type. Women who can't afford to buy more than one pair are reversing the directive to "buy several shades, to match each important outfit" and are simply buying each outfit to match that shade. I'd hate to admit how many green dresses are choking my closet right now.

I foresee magazines brimming with pictures of brides in brilliant-studded Harlequins proclaiming, "Dave took a dim view of me before I changed to bifocals." Another will show a girl in the throes of a passionate embrace, head thrown back, nostrils aquiver, with the caption "She dared to wear Tru-Vues." Radio will usher in the age of "Spec. Operas." I can hear the singing commercials right now: —

Glasses right, glasses bright,
Happy little date-bait song,
Frames of plaid, make hearts glad,
Be a charmer all day long . . .

Hollywood, which catches on slowly, has finally allowed its stars to wear glasses in private life — which is probably a good thing. With a swimming pool just a step off every terrace, there's no telling how many they lost that way. Charles Boyer will clutch a bespectacled Bergman in a grip of iron, whispering through tensed

nostrils, "This time you haf gone too far . . . enough of this loff-making, off wiz se horn rims." Slow pulsating fade-out, courtesy of the Johnston office.



BOYS OF SEVENTY-SIX

by SEYMOUR BARNARD

SEYMOUR BARNARD, *Director of the People's Institute of Brooklyn*, adds this baby-sitting subject to the many articles which he has written in the field of adult education.

TODAY Grandfather is realizing that he occupies a new and uncomfortable position in the family setup. He still accepts invitations for a fortnight of youthful, racketing recreation at his son's, but throughout his visit he longs for the comfort of uninhibited disintegration in his own apartment or club.

For Grandfather knows that he will not only be rushed into sports and pastimes: he will also be asked to serve as midnight nursery patrol, children's guardian by day, and sometimes as reconditioned outboard motor for the baby carriage. Old age's normal reluctance to do anything it doesn't want to do is deemed insensitive, not senile. To enjoy the uselessness of senility, then, he must exhibit unmistakable signs of its ravages. Literally and convincingly he must act his age.

For example, little Tyler is celebrating the Christmas season with a cold. His nurse too is laid up with it. Little Tyler's mother must, she says, get out to market. But someone must be at home to keep the boy in bed. Well, here's Grandfather, the boy's mother reasons; he'll only be sitting around reading the newspaper anyway. Why shouldn't he read it up in Tyler's room and keep the lad covered up?

Unless Grandfather is an unusually fast-thinking septuagenarian, he will probably have to comply — but only once, he assures himself, if that retrograding mind of his can be made to meet the emergency. Of course he does not succeed in keeping little Tyler in bed — only a bland visionary would even try; and by the time Tyler's mother has come home again the



bed is piled high with nursery furniture topped with the little sufferer's pajamas. Her gaze, though, is not upon the disorderly scene or the naked invalid who continues to toss bedroom effects upon the growing heap. Her gaze is upon faithless Grandfather.

She beholds him slumped in his chair, hands fallen to either side, one of them still clutching his newspaper. He breathes noisily (lest he be thought



demised rather than demoralized). Asleep at his post of duty, obviously! But that isn't all: before assuming his decrepit pose he has gently rubbed out his cigarette and laid it along a conspicuous fold in his wrinkled waistcoat. Without doubt, thinks Tyler's mother, it has fallen from his toothless gums. Why it didn't set fire to his clothes and burn down the house . . .

Grandfather's complete unreliability has now been established, and his career in emergency nursing ends with its beginning. But there are still other kinds of service for which he is the household's natural selection. For these he must also prove himself incapable if he wants to escape them. They comprise the day-long succession of errands which are essential to household efficiency. And it is this consideration of efficiency which draws him once more into the domestic machinery.

With domestic servants getting forty-five and fifty dollars a week, nobody is going to suggest that it is they who shall be sent to grocery or drug store. But here is Grandfather, aggressively idle, earning nothing, spending considerable — so he might, determines the domicile's deity, just as well run errands as spend his declining days declining employment. The rightness of her assumption is unassailable. And again exploited old age must reply with wile, not words.

Suppose Grandfather is being meticulously briefed on the obvious de-

tails of a suddenly necessary errand. As he turns to go he sways slightly. At the doorway he stops and leans against the frame. But he is brave; he smiles and recovers, confident, he says, that he will easily get to the store and back. In fact he had just such an attack a short time ago with only a little minor pain here — he indicates the heart. Grandfather, of course, is at once hustled over to the couch.

Good as this ruse seems to be, it probably proves only temporarily effective, because it is soon seen that when bent upon errands of his own choosing the old man comes and goes organically unaffected. Before long he is re-requisitioned to run errands. He must therefore repeat his act, but under quite different circumstances. From now on he must stagger in the streets. The compassion of the public must be evoked and brought to bear at home, sympathy there having run its course. So, on errands, he pauses to lean against a lamppost or tree, or staggers over to a friendly veranda.

Sooner or later, comments on his uncertain state of health reach back into the household. Skeptical or not, those at home cannot allow themselves to be known throughout the neighborhood as exploiters of dependent old age.

But this suggested behavior is not so easy to act as might be supposed. Staggering on the street is liable to misinterpretation. People too casually attribute it to drunkenness, which awakens no sympathy whatever. The acting must clearly convey weakness of body and not of character. If Grandfather is known as a liberal on the issue of alcohol, maybe he had better not try it at all.

However, the aged are not really uncoöperative; not by any means. They are willing helpers and ask only to be considered as volunteers rather than draftees. It is by no means irksome to walk out voluntarily with little Tyler on a sunny forenoon. To be sure, he has to make long stops to examine objects of little interest to aging adults, and Grandfather must listen to the boy's shrill comments upon the peculiarities of passing strangers. But it will never do to surrender to the lad complete control of the goings and returnings. Especially the latter, for the old man will remember a previous morning walk when little Tyler resolutely refused to return home. Long after luncheon the

frantic mother located the pair analyzing rubbish up an obscure blind alley.

Little Tyler's method of asserting control is almost baffling. It consists in lying down. The use of superior strength is unavailing, and Grandfather soon begins to doubt that he possesses it. The quality of the boy's screaming would convict even a benign-appearing old man of brutal flogging, as surely as would a club in hand.

On a particular sunny morning a compelling tug from little Tyler leads in an unexpected direction — to a spacious sidewalk in front of the near-by courthouse. The place is crowded with mothers and baby carriages, the interstices with the young afoot.

It is little Tyler's social center. Another tug leads to the very center of the throng, where Grandfather finds himself the one adult male amid a concourse of mothers. Here, apparently, little Tyler is already established socially, for he is at once surrounded by contemporaries of both sexes. Mothers too gather around.

Over the heads of the crowd passers-by greet Grandfather with smiles; someone he knows shouts "Good morning, Grandmother," but nothing budges little Tyler, whose passion for this society is insatiable. Finally Grandfather rallies his distracted thoughts for constructive planning.

Unexpectedly he stoops and picks up little Tyler. Overcoming the latter's contortions and deaf to his screams, he peers anxiously at the boy's neck and down his collar. The audience of mothers presses closer. "Little red spots," exclaims Grandfather loudly. "I wonder what they mean." He looks appealingly at his audience, but quietly, even more magically than they had gathered, the mothers disappear, hastily summoning their protesting young. Instantly the place is deserted and little Tyler turns placidly homeward.

